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THE

WRITINGS

OF

JANE TAYLOR.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF Q. Q. VOL. II.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY PERKINS & MARVIN.
PHILADELPHIA—FRENCH & PERKINS.
1832.

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THE

CONTRIBUTIONS OF Q. Q.

TO A PERIODICAL WORK:

WITH

SOME PIECES NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY THE LATE

JANE TAYLOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

FROM FIFTH LONDON EDITION.

BOSTON:
PERKINS & MARVIN, 114 WASHINGTON STREET.
1832.

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THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF

Q. Q.

I.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

One fine May morning a large party of young people, of which I was one, set off for the purpose of viewing a nobleman's seat at some miles distance. This was an excursion to which we had for some time been looking forward with much pleasure. It had been long promised us, and the day fixed more than once; but the weather, or some other untoward circumstance, had hitherto disappointed us. But now every obstacle was removed—the party assembled, and when, after many presages of bad weather, with which some of the least sanguine and more experienced of our number had alarmed us the night before;—when, after all these forebodings, the carriages drew up, and we found ourselves safely seated and driving off, there was not an eye that did not sparkle with pleasure.

The morning was bright and promising. Who does not know—who, at least, does not *remember*, how unusually blue and bright the sky appears on a holyday morning? The fields were yet sparkling with dew-drops. Some early husbandmen going forth to their work, saluted us as we passed. The lark sang merrily over our heads. There was not a cloud—no, not one, to be seen from east to west: O, it was a lovely morning! We were in open carriages; which was the more agreeable as the first part of our road, especially, lay through a most delightful country, richly cultivated, and now all covered with the verdure of spring. We were, as may be imagined, in the highest spirits, and laughed we knew not why. When the first glow of happiness, occasioned by setting off, had subsided, we began to expatiate on the expected pleasures of the day. The place of our destination was one of the finest seats for many miles round. We had heard it talked of very often; but none of us young ones had yet seen it. Most of the beauties and curiosities had been described to us, and on these our imaginations fixed with delighted anticipation;—The grotto; the hot-houses, with their rare collection of foreign plants; the picture-gallery; and, above all, the curious old tapestry hangings, which decorated one of the apartments, and which were esteemed the greatest curiosity of the place. Then there was the fine Belvidere at the top of

the hill, which commanded, we were told, a most extensive prospect. You might from thence see five counties: and on a very clear day you might just distinguish Gloucester Cathedral. "Well, we could not have a clearer day than this," said we: "so we shall see five counties, and Gloucester Cathedral!" Thus we went chatting along.

But we had scarcely reached the third milestone, before our pleasure was greatly damped by the indisposition of one of our party. She had risen with the head-ach, but strove to conceal it: however, it became so much worse with the motion of the carriage that she was quite unable to proceed; so with great reluctance we were obliged to leave her at a friend's house, which stood by the road's side. This misfortune cast a gloom upon us during the greater part of the ride. She was one of the most lively and intelligent of our whole party: there was not one but could have been better spared. However, as we drew near the end of our journey our spirits revived, and our regret for the loss of our companion gradually subsided.

But now a new cause of uneasiness arose:—A few rather threatening clouds had for some time been gathering in the southwest, which the elder part of the company regarded with an anxious eye. We young ones, however, were persuaded they would soon pass off; and as they began to gather over head, we declared that we should

prefer it being cloudy during the heat of the day. "Yes, it would be much pleasanter!" just as I said the word, I felt a large drop of rain upon my cheek, which was quickly followed by many more; and now the most sanguine of us took the alarm. When we were yet a mile from the place of our destination, a soaking shower came on, to which, being without any shelter, we were completely exposed. Still we tried to laugh at our misfortunes: till, upon approaching the place, the rain fell with redoubled violence; and as we galloped up the avenue, it ran streaming off in spouts and torrents from our hats and parasols. We had, therefore, little inclination to look about us: the first thing, as soon as we arrived, was to beg the charity of the servants; and we were completely occupied, for a full hour, in drying our clothes, and refitting, before a large fire in the housekeeper's parlor. By the time this was done, and we had partaken of some refreshments, we began to make ourselves so merry with the adventure, that some of us thought we gained as much in fun as we lost in sunshine.

It still rained: so giving up all thoughts of an excursion without, for the present, we proceeded to view the apartments. They were splendid indeed, and we were delighted: for my own part, the only thing that prevented my being quite as much so as I expected, was, that my exposure to the rain had brought on a slight tooth-ach; it

was not violent, but yet just enough to take off the edge of my enjoyment. I went about holding a handkerchief to my face; and when any of my companions pointed me to any thing remarkable, I could only nod assent, and smile somewhat pitiously. Upon inquiring for the tapestry hangings, we were informed that they were always taken down when the family was absent; they had been removed only the day before.

The continuance of the rain, while it prevented our expected ramble about the grounds, yet afforded us an opportunity of examining more at leisure the curiosities within; with this consideration we consoled ourselves. When we had viewed every apartment, and fully satisfied our curiosity, we were joined in the picture-gallery by the old house-steward, a venerable man, who, as he told us, had served the family for upwards of fifty years. He presently began recounting to us some of the family history, and many amusing anecdotes, pointing with his staff to the portraits of those to whom they related—"This," said he, "is poor Lady Susan, who died when she was only seventeen; and there is old Sir James, taken when he was a child, playing with his favorite spaniel: he was the present Earl's great grandfather." We were much amused with this antiquated man and his stories; and agreed it compensated to us for not seeing the tapestry.

It was now growing late in the afternoon: we

had given up all hope of reaching the Belvidere, and viewing the gardens; and were still lingering about the picture-room, when suddenly a bright golden beam of sunshine broke into the apartment; it streamed down the long gallery, and lighted up the pale faces and faded draperies of the old brown portraits, from one end to the other. An exclamation of joy burst at the same instant from the whole party. We hastened to the windows: already a broad line of bright sky appeared along the horizon; the clouds were dispersing in all directions; the rain had nearly ceased; and the heavy clouds that were rolling off on the opposite side exhibited a brilliant rainbow. By the time we were equipped for our ramble, all was clear over-head; it was a beautiful evening. The grass was wet to the foot, and the trees were yet dropping with rain; but all was fresh, green and sparkling. Once again our spirits revived: it was not, indeed, the lively, bounding joy with which we set off in the morning, but a more serene and chastened feeling.

We now visited the grotto, the gardens, and hot-houses; it was but a hasty inspection, as the ground was so wet that we were fearful of lingering; we were anxious, too, to reach the Belvidere before sunset. At length, with wet shoes and weary steps, we climbed the hill. The exhalations which were now rising in consequence of the heavy rain, in a great degree obscured the

prospect, but at the same time added to its brilliancy; for, being illumined by the setting sun, the whole wide expanse of country which the height commanded, was, as it were, one flood of golden mist. The five counties we had thought so much of, were not indeed so distinctly discernible as we had seen them on the map; however, our attendant pointed to each, and we believed that there they were. As for the Cathedral, we were obliged to take it for granted that it lay in the direction of the guide's walking stick. We waited a few minutes to see the sun set behind the distant hills: it was a splendid scene; and, as he assured us, was almost as fine a sight as the Cathedral.

We now descended the hill, very well satisfied; and, being by this time considerably fatigued, were not sorry to find ourselves reseated in the carriages, and on our way home. The evening continued fine, but chilly; and the latter part of the way it was very dark. At first we talked over our adventures; but some of the party soon dropped to sleep, and conversation flagged with the rest. We were weary, and our heads ached. I question if any thing we had seen during the whole day afforded us more real pleasure than the sight of the cheerful lights in our own house, as we approached it. We were certainly pleased with our excursion, notwithstanding its misfortunes; and yet I believe, had it been proposed to us to set off on a similar expedition the next day, we should

none of us have been disposed to comply. The friend we left ill by the way, we found quite restored. She had spent the day at home very happily; and when she heard of our misfortunes, was glad she had escaped them. We were all thankful to retire to rest that night. The next morning at breakfast, at grand-papa's request, I related the adventures of the day.—His reflections upon our excursion, (to introduce which is my only reason for troubling the reader with this recital,) shall be the subject of a following paper.

II.

REFLECTIONS ON A DAY'S PLEASURE.

GRAND-PAPA having listened with great attention to the foregoing recital, and to our various animadversions upon it, began as follows.

"I am an old man, children; and my *day's pleasure* is so nearly over, that I am well able to compare it with yours. Our short life is but like a long day; and when I recollect the alternations of hope and fear, of success and disappointment, of pleasure and of pain, that have chequered the greater part of it;—the storms that I have seen blow up, and blow over;—the serenity of its decline, and the hopes I entertain of arriving, before

long, at a safe and comfortable home,—I must say, that my *day* has so much resembled yours, that what you have related, has seemed like a relation of my own history. And since there has been nothing remarkable to distinguish my life from that of other men; since I have, undoubtedly, had my full share of success, prosperity, and enjoyment, I think I may fairly regard it, not only as a counterpart to my own life in particular, but to life in general: or, to come to the conclusion I intended, that you, dear children, may consider your excursion as a fair specimen of what you have to expect in the *day of life:* so that the experience of this one day, may serve as a sample of all the rest.

Here you are, all in fine spirits, just setting out on your journey. It is yet early morning with you; the sun is up, and the sky clear; the road fine and flowery; and yet, pleasures in *prospect* rather than those at present possessed, are the chief sources of your felicity. The first circumstance that occurred yesterday to damp your pleasure was the loss of one of your party. Now, this is a misfortune which may be certainly expected early in the journey of life. Of a company of young people beginning life together, and hoping to pursue their course hand in hand, how commonly does it happen that one and another are stopped in their career, leaving their companions to pursue the journey without them! And as

it was with you, so it generally happens, that those who are taken are the loveliest, the liveliest; —those whose society can be least spared, and who must be the most regretted. Such a breach spoils our pleasure for a time: but time, as you found it, and the new scenes that present themselves at every turn, reconcile us to the loss; till at length it is little felt, perhaps, rarely remembered.

The place of your destination, and its various curiosities, which you were so eager to see, may represent those favorite schemes and projects which we are apt to lay out for ourselves in life, and to which our chief hopes and efforts are directed. All goes on fair for a time; we are in the direct road to our wishes; but just as we come within sight of them, the clouds begin to gather, and down comes the storm, when, perhaps, we are driving straight up to their accomplishment. They who have marked well the ways of Providence, must have observed, that our earthly aims and wishes are oftener thus damped and embittered to us, than entirely frustrated. We are suffered to attain the object, but something unforeseen occurs to check the satisfaction we had expected in it. Now it is that our spirits sink, and we are ready to think our day's pleasure quite spoiled. But, like yours, it frequently happens, that some unexpected alleviation, some little unforeseen circumstance attending our calamities, renders them supportable. Our very

surprise at finding things not so bad to bear as we had expected, often amounts to positive pleasure.

Well, you saw the apartments, and were upon the whole very well pleased. And thus it is, that we are generally indulged with a moderate share of the common comforts and enjoyments of life. We do not, perhaps, see the *tapestry*. That is, some *particular* gratification on which our hearts were most set, is withheld. Now, while walking through the apartments, is the busy part of life; and, notwithstanding some disappointments, our satisfaction would be considerable, if it were not for a *something*, like your tooth-ach, my dear, to take off its edge. Nothing could more aptly represent the continual uneasiness occasioned by the little daily crosses of life, too trifling to be seriously complained of. And this is not *my* testimony alone: the accumulated experience of ages will attest, that some such nameless sources of dissatisfaction ever attend upon all our pursuits and undertakings, and mingle even with our holyday pleasures.

It was a fine morning; but it rained all day. Ah! this is like life. You may not think it, children; but I *know* it. Yet this very circumstance, it seems, was productive of some advantage. Thus every wise and good man will look back on seasons of adversity, and acknowledge that it was good for him to have passed through them.

When you had given up all hope of fine weather, you were suddenly surprised with a ray of sunshine. Thus are some of the heaviest storms of life suddenly dispersed; not in the time and manner that we had expected, but in such a way as we could not have calculated upon. You did therefore, at last, view the grounds, and climb the hill; but it was late in the day, with wet shoes, and in haste. Just as we are often not permitted to arrive at the summit of our desires until the decline of life, when it can be possessed but for a short time, and when our capacities for enjoyment are greatly weakened. You reached the Belvidere, and had an indistinct view of the five counties: but that circumstance, which you had so long anticipated, disappointed your expectations; and as for the cathedral, it was not to be seen at all. Thus, when we *are* permitted to reach the height of our wishes, the result is sure to disappoint us. Our imaginations had painted it too gaily; and our chief satisfaction arises, not so much from the success of our scheme, as from some simple circumstance attending it, which, like the fine glowing sunset, was unthought of in our calculation.

You were cheered by the sudden fineness of the evening, and the late accomplishment of your hopes: but, like the chastened tranquillity of age, your cheerfulness was of a very different character from the lightsome, joyous spirits of the morning.

After all, though you had some entertainment upon the whole, yet, if you had the offer of going over the same events to-day, you would not feel disposed to accept it. Now, this is what I, and every one, I believe, of my age, must say of *our* day's pleasure. Could our youth be renewed like the eagle's; yet we should decline the offer, if it must be upon the condition of living over again all the vicissitudes and anxieties, all the sorrows and sins of the past. Wearied even with pleasure, you were glad to set off on your return home. The evening was chilly and dark; and you were more disposed to sleep than to converse. This, as you see in your poor old grandfather, is not unlike the condition and infirmities of old age.

Thus far our comparison is pretty exact: and well will it be for us if it need not stop here! The sight of home at last, gave you, perhaps, more true pleasure than any thing you had seen in the day. And there are some who can say the same of the long home to which they are hastening. All are, more or less, weary of life and need rest: yet, how many shrink from, and at last come short of it. You had a kind father to receive you, and a comfortable home; and the companion you dropped at the commencement of your journey, was ready to welcome your return. And if it should be thus with us at the end of the day of life, it will signify little indeed, what

accidents befall us by the way. "In our Father's house are many mansions." "There is a rest remaining for the people of God." And there, many dear friends who are gone before, await our arrival. They regret not that they were stopped short in their course, but, like your friend, rejoice that they got safe home so early, and thus escaped all the misfortunes of the road.

Your day's pleasure is now over: and you all feel that the little accidents which disconcerted you yesterday, are of no consequence at all *to-day*. You can now smile at its misfortunes; and as for its pleasures, they are *past*, and are now nothing to you. But suppose you had found no home to return to; or an uncomfortable one, exposed to the weather, and filled with bad, quarrelsome company! Of how much greater value is the smallest convenience and comfort you enjoy here, because it is to last for years, than all the pleasures of that one day, put together! Or suppose that from morning to night it had been one continued storm; suppose you had not been able to reach the place of your destination at all; that *many* instead of one of your company had been left behind; — that your carriages had broken down, and every other misfortune had befallen you that can be imagined;—what then? your day's pleasure would have been spoiled, it is true; but it was *only* a day, and now all is over. Now, this is just the state of the case with regard to time

and eternity; only the comparison falls far short of the truth. They who, devoted to the pleasures of this life, take no care to ensure an entrance into that rest, act infinitely more unwisely than you would have done, if, for the sake of enjoying that one day's recreation, you had left your house to be overrun with robbers, or destroyed by fire; knowing that upon your return at night, you would have no shelter, no home, no father to receive you.

But is it true, that our youthful hopes are so fallacious, that there are so many drawbacks to our pleasure, and that there is so large a mixture of pain? What does this teach us?—first, not to give life a *wrong name:* after all, it is not a day of *pleasure*, but a day of *business*. We came into life not to please ourselves, but to do the will of Him that sent us; and especially, "to work out our salvation with fear and trembling." Again, we should learn hereby "not to set our affections on things below:" it is to teach us *this* lesson, which we are slow to learn, that so many trials are allotted us. Our Heavenly Father does not willingly afflict and disappoint us. He does it in mercy, to wean us from the world to which we cling. We should also learn by the disappointments attending our schemes, not to desire to order our own lot in life; since we cannot foresee how they will succeed, nor what will most promote our welfare. Let us leave it to Him,

who sees the end from the beginning, and who will then cause "all things to work together for our good." Above all, let us learn to care less for the things of time, and more for those of eternity. Do not our years pass like "a tale that is told?" "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being given us of entering into His rest, any of us should seem to come short of it."

Thus grand-papa concluded his discourse; which, thinking it might prove instructive to others as well as to ourselves, I have, as I promised, transcribed for the perusal of the reader.

III.

LUCY'S WISHES.

Lucy had been standing one afternoon for nearly an hour at the parlor window, watching the carriages and passengers in the street. Idleness ever begets discontent: but instead of laying the blame upon herself, she felt disposed to complain of her condition. Almost every stranger that passed, she concluded was in happier circumstances than herself. She observed stages and carriages of various kinds, driving up to the great inn on the other side of the way. She watched the passengers as they alighted and set off again;

wondered who they were, whence they came, whither they were going, and envied them because they were not staying at home. A travelling chaise, with ladies in pretty riding dresses, stopped to change horses. Ah, thought she, how happy they are! going some delightful journey—hundreds of miles perhaps, and to see thousands of curiosities: or to live at some elegant country seat: at any rate they are not staying at home like me. How long have I been confined to this dull town, and this one house! She then cast a forlorn glance around the room, every object of which had been familiar to her from her infancy. Then looking over to her opposite neighbors, she saw a blazing fire, and the family seated round it. How comfortable they are! thought she; so cheerful, so sociable: telling some interesting story, perhaps; not all alone in a dull room like me!

When it grew too dark to see distinctly what was passing in the street, Lucy slowly moved from the window, and seated herself by the fire; where, fixing her eyes upon the red cinders, she fell into a deep revery; and began to consider what situation she would choose for herself, if she might but change her condition. Her imagination still followed the travelling party she had seen stop at the inn; and she first thought she should like to be a companion to those ladies; to read to them, walk with them, and attend them wherever they went.

"But how foolish!" thought she; "while I am wishing, why not wish myself one of the ladies themselves?—Yes, yes, a rich heiress, very handsome, fortune at my own disposal; a thousand a year—no, five;—or suppose ten thousand a year. Should my father and mother be alive?—perhaps they would not allow me to travel and do as I pleased;—so they should have been dead some years, and I would have a very agreeable young person for a companion. But poor papa and mamma!" thought Lucy, "no no, they should not be dead then; but still I should have the fortune in my own hands, and do just what I pleased with it. And I would be an only child, and not have any brothers or sisters to tease me." She next proceeded to settle the number of her servants, the color of her carriages and liveries; in what counties she would have her country seats, and in what square her town house: till the number of her wants, and the splendor of her establishments, increased so surprisingly, that she began to fear her means would be insufficient, and she found it expedient at once to increase her income from ten to twenty thousand a year.

Just as Lucy had arrived at this conclusion, her mother entered the room, and put a stop to her meditations. She was beginning to converse with her daughter about the book they had been reading together in the morning: but Lucy, finding that subject very dry in comparison with her late brilliant speculations, soon interrupted it, by re-

lating as much as she thought proper of what had been just passing in her mind. Her mother, when she had finished, endeavored to prove that she would probably not be at all happier for such a change of circumstances. Lucy knew not what to say to her representations; yet she did not feel convinced, and said, "Well, then, mamma, if wishing were of any use, and if you were exactly in my place, what would *you* wish for?—What is the happiest situation in all the world that you can think of?"

"If wishing were of any use then," said her mother, "I might, in the first place, wish to be about that age when the dangers of infancy and the follies of childhood are past; but when the opportunities and advantages of youth are yet to come. I would not wish to be grown up, because then the character is fixed; and I should lose the unspeakable advantage of having it yet in my power to form a good one. I might also wish for a sound, vigorous constitution. With regard to personal beauty, as there are some disadvantages connected with it, and as many who do not possess it make greater proficiency in the things most important to happiness than those who do, I would not wish about it; but make up my mind to be contented with whatever external appearance I happened to have. I should certainly wish to have kind parents; not such as would indulge my follies and spoil my temper; but parents able and

willing to train me up in the way I should go, to impart useful instruction, and correct my perverse dispositions. I would also wish for brothers and sisters, some of them nearly of my own age; as it would not only render my life more social and cheerful, but give me an opportunity of cultivating amiable and generous feelings, instead of growing selfish and self-important, as is sometimes the case with an only child. I might further wish my parents to be in easy circumstances, such as would allow them to give me a good, useful education, to supply my common wants, and to afford me a few rational pleasures: but I would by no means wish to be very rich, nor in the highest ranks of society, because it is universally allowed by men of the greatest wisdom and experience, that persons in the middle ranks of life are the most advantageously circumstanced for the attainment of virtue and happiness. Nor would I by any means wish for a fortune in my own hands till I was well qualified to manage it: for there cannot be a greater misfortune than for a person to be left to their own guidance at the early age we are supposing. I would only wish, therefore, for a moderate allowance from my parents, such as would enable me to indulge a few reasonable wishes, and that I might have a mite of my *own* to give to the poor, and to contribute towards some of the institutions for doing good to my fellow creatures. In addition to all this, I might, if it were worth while,

wish to live in an agreeable neighborhood, where there were a few young people of my own age and rank, with whom I might occasionally associate. I might also desire to live in a pleasant convenient house, with a garden; perhaps I might wish my parents to allow me a little garden of my own, to cultivate at my leisure hours; and that my own room should be furnished with a suitable library, and other means of instruction and amusement; and I would have regular hours for business and recreation."

"O how delightful!" exclaimed Lucy; "I can fancy exactly what kind of a house and garden it is, and what kind of people they are. I think you are a very good wisher indeed: now that is exactly what I should like."

"Indeed!" said her mother; "and who do you think is the fortunate young person I have been thinking of all the time, with whom you would so much like to change places?"

Lucy thought for a moment, and then exclaimed,

"O mamma! you have been playing me a trick. You have been thinking of me, I do believe! Yes, for I am just the age that you said; and I have kind parents to instruct me, and they are not very rich; and I have brothers and sisters of my own age to associate with, and a few young friends besides; and I have an allowance to do what I please with; and I am not very handsome; and I live in a convenient house, tolerably pleasant, with

a garden, and have a garden and room of my own, and books and globes:—dear, how foolish I was not to find it out at first! Well, but how is it then that I am not as happy as I thought I should be with all those things? Why was I so dull and uncomfortable this afternoon, that I thought every body better off than myself?"

"I'll tell you the reason, my dear," replied her mother; "we have still left something out. The situation I have described, and in which precisely you yourself are placed, is certainly, as far as outward things can go, one of the happiest in the world; and in such a world as this, a change for you would almost certainly be for the worse; but then we must remember, that no situation, no possible combination of circumstances, can make us perfectly happy in this world, because it is a sinful world. When we fancy others better off than ourselves, it is only because we know our own circumstances, but do not know theirs. Those ladies whom you imagined to be so happy only because they were travelling, and wore pretty riding dresses, have, very probably, some outward trial, or some secret uneasiness, which makes them less so than you. But besides this, there are, as I said, some things which we have forgotten to include in our list of desirables: and they possess this great advantage above all the rest, that if we wish for them aright, wishing will not be vain. I would therefore, in addition to all we have

mentioned, wish for an amiable, obliging disposition; a cheerful, open temper; a peaceable and contented spirit. I would wish also, for industry and activity, which are the best securities against languor and discontent; and without which, no circumstances can make us happy. Above all, I would desire a good conscience, and a heart right towards God. These are things, my dear Lucy, which, if we wish for, not feebly and lazily, but seriously and earnestly, may certainly be obtained.—With these, in any circumstances, we shall be happy; and without them, we should not be contented, even with twenty thousand a year!"

IV.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FORTUNETELLER.

THERE is a strong propensity in the human mind to look forward to distant years, and to penetrate the secrets of futurity. This desire in the minds of the vulgar and ignorant, has given rise to the foolish and wicked practice of consulting pretended fortunetellers. In these enlightened days, I have little fear that any of my readers should wish to have recourse to such absurd and sinful means of information: and yet as it is very likely they may sometimes feel curiosity respecting their

future destiny, they will I hope listen to the plan I have to propose; which, without incurring either guilt or disgrace, will enable them, each for himself, to foretell with considerable accuracy, what they may have to expect in future life.

To prevent disappointment, I here candidly confess, that I do not pretend to enable them to divine the amount of their fortunes—what connexions they may form—in what parts they may reside—nor at what period they will die: nor do I regret this; nor need they: since these are circumstances which it is better for us not to know beforehand; but, with regard to things of still greater importance than these, such as the degree of success and of happiness they may reasonably expect in their undertakings and situations in the world, they will find the proposed method may be depended on.

I shall, then, suppose myself to be consulted by a number of young persons, wishing to be initiated in my secret; but they will not find me commencing my instructions with any mystical ceremony, nor pronouncing any unintelligible charm. I do not even wish to examine the palms of their hands; although I may perhaps take the liberty to notice the expression of their faces; all I require is, some insight into their present characters and past conduct.

Suppose one of them, for instance, should appear to be a lad of an indolent inactive dispo-

sition; to whom exertion, whether of body or mind, was always irksome and burdensome, performed as a task, and by compulsion; he is looking forward anxiously to the time when coercion will cease, and when he shall be free from the necessity of exertion.—In this case, I do not hesitate to shake my knowing head, and in the technical language of my profession to pronounce *bad luck to him*. I need not ask, nor can I guess, what may be his line of business, nor what the extent of his capital; but I can foretell, with great confidence, that he will be neither successful, respectable, nor happy. That when restraints are removed, and he is thrown upon himself, life will be burdensome to him; and that it will, very probably, end in poverty and disgrace.

I shall suppose my next applicant to be a gay young lady, desirous of knowing how soon she shall be her own mistress, and how large her fortune will be; as she is in want of a thousand things that she is not allowed to purchase: she is very fond of jewels and laces, and of all that is showy and expensive; and wishes extremely to be able to gratify her desires. Here again, I could augur no good; so many husbands and fathers have been ruined by expensive wives and daughters, for, "as poor Richard says, silks and satins put out the kitchen fire," that what could I see in her destiny but bills and bailiffs, a husband in prison, children in want, and herself in indigence?

Another approaches with his pockets stuffed with gingerbread, and his hands full of macaroons; he professes himself to be so fond of good things that he spends the greater part of his pocket money at the pastry-cook's; his parents allow him to partake of every dish that comes on table, and to stuff as long as he pleases; and he owns that he considers dinner-time the best part of the day. I need not feel this young gentleman's pulse in order to predict to him an impaired constitution, and an early decay of his mental powers. Complicated disease, and premature old age are the invariable rewards of indulgence. These habits will increase with his years: a listless, burdensome life, and early death is his probable destiny.

The next applicant appears with a frowning brow, and a discontented, clouded aspect: his temper is sullen and obstinate, or fretful and irritable: he wishes to know if any thing agreeable will ever befall him, for at present he has known only unhappiness. Alas! nothing but unhappiness can I predict to him. He may grow rich and prosper in the world, but he will ever "dwell in *Meshech;*" his family will dread, and his neighbors dislike him; and his gold, if he has it, will never purchase that ease and content which is the reward of good-nature only.

Another inquirer I shall suppose to be an undutiful son, who has ever rewarded his parents' care

and kindness with neglect, disrespect and disobedience. Now on this case, I can pronounce with a greater degree of certainty than on any of the preceding. Some faults never appear to meet their proper punishment in this world; but it is a common remark, founded on long observation, that unkindness to parents, above all other crimes, reaps its reward even here. This youth then, if he becomes a parent, will be taught by refractory, rebellious children the anguish he has inflicted on his own parent. A rebellious son, an ungrateful daughter, must expect in due time to become an unhappy father, or despised mother.

Another informs me he has had a religious education, and that he is in a great degree aware of the importance of religion, and of the value of his soul; moreover, he intends before long to give it the attention it demands; but hitherto he has delayed to do so, from time to time, hoping it would be less difficult at some future period than it appears now; so that, at present, he is as far from being truly religious, as he was when first he began to think upon the subject. Now it requires little sagacity to foresee the probable consequences of this temper. I solemnly warn him that the same indisposition that has hitherto prevailed, will, unless strongly counteracted, continue and increase; while he is intending and purposing, his heart will grow harder and harder,

until it will finally be said of him, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

I fear I shall be regarded as a gloomy prognosticator; but I dare not depart from the rules of my art, which are founded on universal experience, and on the established laws of cause and effect. However, lest I be thought too discouraging, I am happy to proclaim, that these destinies are, by no means, at present, to be considered as unchangeable. On the contrary, if the indolent should be roused by a dread of the consequences awaiting his disposition, to become active and industrious—the extravagant, moderate and frugal—the indulgent, self-denying and abstemious—the ill-tempered, mild and amiable—the undutiful, affectionate and tractable—and if the procrastinator resolves at once, that he will serve the Lord—then, it is obvious, that all my dark predictions will be immediately reversed.

For instance; let us suppose an inquirer of a different description to any of the foregoing. A modest, ingenuous youth now approaches, wishing to know what encouragement he may expect in his exertions. He confesses that he is not gifted with superior talents, and therefore does not hope to arrive at any distinguished eminence. It appears, however, that he early acquired habits of attention and industry; that he has courage and perseverance to press forward in his undertak-

ings, in spite of difficulties, till he has conquered them; that although his real wants are amply supplied, he has been trained in frugality and self-denial; therefore his wishes are few and moderate, so that he has always his mite to spare for the poor and the destitute. He cannot boast of rich or powerful patrons, but his temper is sweet, and his manners obliging, by which he obtains the good-will of his neighbors; moreover, he is a good son and a kind brother; and having been taught that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," he has already found "His ways to be pleasantness, and his paths peace." Now, without presuming to guess whether this will be a rich man, I hesitate not to pronounce him a happy one: he may encounter difficulties, and pass through trials, but "his bread will be given him, and his water will be sure;" especially "that bread which he casts upon the waters will return" to him, when it is wanted, though "after many days." It is besides this, more than probable, that he will eventually be successful even in his temporal affairs; that he will be "blessed in his basket and his store;" rear an affectionate family; be beloved by his friends, and respected by all; finally, he will die in peace, and at last "enter into the joy of his Lord.

It is not unusual for fortunetellers to predict the day of death; and although, as I said, I make

no such pretensions, it may yet be expected that I should not be totally silent on the subject. And while they who presume to do so are miserable deceivers, I can with the most absolute certainty foretell what it is much more important to know, namely, that "it is appointed unto all men once to die;" the day and hour is indeed unknown; and yet each one may, for himself, look forward to a period not very distant, when he may be quite certain that he shall have reached his "long home." To know that we must die one day, is a far more interesting fact, than to know *what* day; and this is a circumstance which, surely, we may all foretell for ourselves.

Is it not strange, that the grandest event of our existence—that part of our fortunes which it is of infinitely greater consequence we should foreknow than whether we are to be princes or beggars—we should so seldom inquire about, although it is more easily ascertained than any question respecting our temporal affairs? I mean, whether we are going to heaven or hell? Now, to know this, we have only to ask whether or not we are Christians: if conscience allows us humbly to hope that we are so, in the scriptural sense of the word, then we are sure that the Lord is gone "to prepare a place for us" among the "many mansions in his Father's house." But if we know that we are not true Christians, nor earnestly striving to become such, then, the awful broba-

bility is, that we are doomed to the place "prepared for the devil and his angels."

Thus, having explained and exemplified my method, so as to render it clear to their comprehensions, I trust that every one of my readers will be able to predict all that is good for them to know concerning their future lives; and I doubt not they will find it profitable to do so. Should any think it an unsatisfactory and uncertain plan, or flatter themselves, that although they may answer some of the above descriptions, yet, that they shall escape the appropriate punishment, I must tell them that it is for want of knowing the world and themselves, and for want of considering the natural and inevitable consequences of things.

A new year is now commencing, let every one inquire how they have begun it. Is it with a resolution to make renewed efforts to overcome their bad habits, and to improve their manners and characters? and have they actually begun to make such efforts? then I prophesy a happy new year to them; and that if they persevere in their resolutions, it will be the happiest they have ever known: but if on the contrary they are beginning it in the old way—not more attentive to business, nor watchful of their tempers and conduct—not more concerned for their intellectual and religious improvement than heretofore; then, although they may very likely have had a merry Christmas,

I cannot wish them a happy new year, because I know it would be in vain to do so. For the saying is as true as it is trite, that to be happy we must be good. The knowledge of this, is, in fact, the grand secret of my art; and it is by consulting this simple rule, that *every man may be his own fortuneteller.*

V.

THE LIFE OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

To the Editor of the Youth's Magazine.

SIR,

It being very much the custom, as I am informed, even for obscure individuals to furnish some account of themselves, for the edification of the public, I hope I shall not be deemed impertinent for calling your attention to a few particulars of my own history. I cannot, indeed, boast of any very extraordinary incidents; but having, during the course of a long life, had much leisure and opportunity for observation, and being naturally of a *reflecting* cast, I thought it might be in my power to offer some remarks that may not be wholly unprofitable to your readers.

My earliest recollection is that of a carver and gilder's workshop; where I remained for many months, leaning with my face to the wall; and

having never known any livelier scene, I was very well contented with my quiet condition. The first object that I remember to have arrested my attention, was, what I now believe must have been a large spider, which, after a vast deal of scampering about, began, very deliberately, to weave a curious web all over my face. This afforded me great amusement: and not then knowing when far lovelier objects were destined to my gaze, I did not resent the indignity.

At length, when little dreaming of any change of fortune, I felt myself suddenly removed from my station; and immediately afterwards underwent a curious operation, which at the time gave me considerable apprehensions for my safety: but these were succeeded by pleasure, upon finding myself arrayed in a broad, black frame, handsomely carved and gilt; for you will please to observe, that the period of which I am now speaking was upwards of fourscore years ago. This process being finished, I was presently placed, very carefully, in a large packing-case, and sent a long journey, by wagon, to London. That I may not be tedious, I will not here stay to relate the surprise and terror I endured during this transportation; nor the serious apprehensions I entertained that my delicate frame would never survive the jolts and jars it underwent in the course of it. Indeed, I have reason to believe that I was in imminent danger many times; not to

mention the extreme darkness and dreariness of my situation. How sincerely did I then wish to be replaced in my old quiet corner; which appeared cheerfulness itself, compared with my present forlorn condition. So little are we capable of judging what circumstances will eventually prove most conducive to our happiness! At last, after many, to me, unintelligible movements, I found to my great joy that my prison was being unbarred. The cheerful light once again shone upon me; and a person, whom I afterwards found to be my new master's apprentice, (and with whom I soon became well acquainted,) lifted me carefully out. No sooner had he cleared away from my face the straw and paper with which I had been well nigh suffocated, than, as I observed, he gave me a very significant look; which, to confess the truth, I took, at the time, for a compliment to myself:—but I have since learned to interpret such compliments more truly. Striking, indeed, was the contrast between my late mode of life and that to which I was now introduced. My new situation was in the shop window, with my face to the street: which was one of the most public in London. Here my attention was at first quite distracted by the constant succession of objects that passed before me. But it was not long before I began to remark the considerable degree of attention I myself excited; and how much I was distinguished, in this respect, from my

neighbors, the other articles, in the shop window. I observed that passengers, who appeared to be posting away upon urgent business, would often just turn and give me a friendly glance as they passed. But I was particularly gratified to observe, that while the old, the shabby, and the wretched, seldom took any notice of me, the young, the gay, and the handsome, generally paid me this compliment; and that these good-looking people always seemed the best pleased with me; which I attributed to their superior discernment. I well remember one young lady, who used to pass my master's shop regularly every morning in her way to school, and who never omitted to turn her head to look at me as she went by; so that, at last, we became well acquainted with each other. I must confess, that at this period of life, I was in great danger of becoming insufferably vain, from the attentions that were then paid me; and, perhaps, I am not the only individual to whom a sudden removal from retirement to a more public mode of life, has proved a hazardous and trying event to the character; nor the only one who has formed mistaken notions as to the attentions they receive in society.

My vanity, however, received a considerable check from one circumstance; nearly all the goods by which I was surrounded in the shop window, though many of them much more homely in their structure, and humble in their destinations, were

disposed of sooner than myself. I had the mortification of seeing one after another bargained for and sent away, while I remained, month after month, without a purchaser. At last, however, a gentleman and lady from the country, who had been standing some time in the street, inspecting, and, as I perceived, conversing about me, walked into the shop; and after some altercation with my master, agreed to purchase me: upon which I was once more packed up, and sent off on a longer journey than before. I was far less disconcerted, this time, by my unpleasant circumstances, than during my first journey; concluding they would terminate, as before, in a change for the better.—Another proof of our incompetence to judge of the real tendency of passing events. I was very curious, you may suppose, upon arriving at my new quarters, to see what kind of life I was likely to lead. I remained, however, sometime unmolested in my packing case, and very *flat* I felt there. Upon being, at last, unpacked, I found myself in the stone hall of a large, lone house in the country. My master and mistress, I soon learned, were new-married people, just setting up housekeeping; and I was intended to decorate their best parlor; to which I was presently conveyed; and after some little discussion between them in fixing my longitude and latitude, I was hung up opposite the fire-place, in an angle of ten degrees from the wall, according to the fashion of those

times. I felt, at first, very well pleased with my new situation: and looked with complacency upon the various objects before me, which, like myself, were then new and handsome: but perhaps I should have experienced some dismay, if I could have known that I was destined to spend *fifty* years in that spot without undergoing any change myself, or witnessing any in the things that surrounded me, except, indeed, that imperceptibly produced by time.

Yes, there I hung, year after year, almost in perpetual solitude. My master and mistress were sober, regular, old-fashioned people; they saw no company except at fair time and Christmas day; on which occasions only, they occupied the best parlor. My countenance used to brighten up, when I saw the annual fire kindled in that ample grate; and when a cheerful circle of country cousins assembled round it. At those times, I always got a little notice from the young folks: but those festivities over, and I was condemned to another half year of complete loneliness. How familiar to my recollection at this hour, is that large, old-fashioned parlor! I can remember, as well as if I had seen them but yesterday, the noble flowers on the crimson-damask chair-covers and window-curtains; and those curiously carved tables and chairs. I could describe every one of the stories on the Dutch tiles that surrounded the grate; the rich china ornaments on the wide

mantel-piece; and the pattern of the paper-hangings, which consisted alternately of a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess—a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess. The room being so little used, the window-shutters were rarely opened, but there were three holes cut in each, in the shape of a heart, through which, day after day, and year after year, I used to watch the long, dim, dusty sun beams, streaming across the dark parlor. I should mention, however, that I seldom missed a short visit from my master and mistress on a Sunday morning, when they came down stairs, ready dressed for church. I can remember how my mistress used to trot in upon her high-heeled shoes, unfold a leaf of one of the shutters, then come and stand straight before me; then turn half round to the right and left; never failing to see if the corner of her well-starched handkerchief was pinned exactly in the middle. I think I can see her now, in her favorite dove-colored lustring, (which she wore every Sunday in every summer for seven years at the least,) and her long full ruffles, and worked apron. Then followed my good master; who, though his visit was somewhat shorter, never failed to come and settle his Sunday wig before me.

Time rolled away: and my master and mistress, with all that appertained to them, insensibly suffered from its influence. When I first knew them, they were a young, blooming couple as you

would wish to see: but I gradually perceived an alteration. My mistress began to stoop a little; and my master got a cough, which troubled him, more or less, to the end of his days. At first, and for many years, my mistress's foot upon the stairs was light and nimble; and she would come in as blithe and as brisk as a lark: but at last, it was a slow, heavy step; and even my master's began to totter. And, in these respects, every thing else kept pace with them: the crimson damask that I remembered so fresh and bright, was now faded and worn: the dark polished mahogany was, in some places, wormeaten; the parrot's gay plumage on the walls grew dull; and I myself, though long unconscious of it, partook of the universal decay. The dissipated taste I acquired, upon my first introduction to society, had long since subsided; and the quiet sombre life I led, gave me a grave, meditative turn. The change which I witnessed in all things around me, caused me to reflect much on their vanity: and when, upon the occasions before mentioned, I used to see the gay, blooming faces of the young, saluting me with so much complacency, I would fain have admonished them of the alteration they must soon undergo; and have told them how certainly their bloom, also, must fade away as a flower. But, alas! you know, sir, looking-glasses can only *reflect*.

After I had remained in this condition, to the

best of my knowledge, about five and forty years, I suddenly missed my poor old master: he came to visit me no more; and by the change in my mistress's apparel, I guessed what had happened. Five years more passed away; and then I saw no more of her! In a short time after this, several rude strangers entered my room: the long, rusty screw, which had held me up so many years, was drawn out; and I together with all the goods and chattels in the house, was put up to auction, in that very apartment which I had so long peaceably occupied. I felt a good deal hurt at the very contemptuous terms in which I was spoken of by some of the bidders; for, as I said, I was not aware that I had become as oldfashioned as my poor old master and mistress. At last I was knocked down for a trifling sum, and sent away to a very different destination.

Before going home to my new residence, I was sent to a workman to be refitted in a new gilt frame: which, although it completely modernized my appearance, I must confess, at first, set very uneasily upon me. And now, although it was not till my old age, I for the first time became acquainted with my natural use, capacity, and importance. My new station was no other than the dressingroom of a young lady, just come from school. Before I was well fixed in the destined spot, she came to survey me, and with a look of such complacency and good will, as I had not

seen for many a day. I was now presently initiated *in all* the mysteries of the toilet; O, what an endless variety of laces, jewels, silks, and ribbons; pins, combs, cushions, and curling-irons: washes, essences, powders, and patches, were daily spread before me! If I had been heretofore almost tired with the sight of my good old mistress's everlasting lustring, I really felt still more so with this profusion of ornament and preparation. I was, indeed, favored with my fair mistress's constant attentions: they were so unremitting as perfectly to astonish me, after being so long accustomed to comparative neglect. Never did she enter her room, on the most hasty errand, without just vouchsafing me a kind glance; and at leisure hours I was indulged with much longer visits. Indeed, to confess the truth, I was sometimes quite surprised at their length; but I don't mean to tell tales. During the hour of dressing, when I was more professionally engaged with her, there was, I could perceive, nothing in the room—in the house—nay, I believe nothing in the world, of so much importance in her estimation as myself. But I have frequently remarked, with concern, the different aspect with which she would regard me at those times, and when she returned at night from the evening's engagements. However late it was, or however fatigued she might be, still I was sure of a greeting the moment she entered; but instead of the bright, blooming face I had

seen a few hours before, it was generally pale and haggard, and not unfrequently bearing a strong expression of disappointment or chagrin.

My mistress would frequently bring a crowd of her young companions into her apartment: and it was amusing to see how they would each in turn come to pay their respects to me. What varied features and expressions in the course of a few minutes I had thus an opportunity of observing! upon which I used to make my own quiet reflections.

In this manner I continued some years in the service of my mistress, without any material alteration taking place either in her or in me: but, at length, I began to perceive that her aspect towards me was considerably changed, especially when I compared it with my first recollections of her. She now appeared to regard me with somewhat less complacency; and would frequently survey me with a mingled expression of displeasure and suspicion, as though some change had taken place in *me*, though I am sure it was no fault of mine; indeed, I could never reflect upon myself for a moment: with regard to my conduct towards any of my owners, I have ever been a faithful servant; nor have I once, in the course of my whole life, given a false answer to any one I have had to do with. I am, by nature, equally averse to flattery and detraction; and this I may say for myself, that I am incapable of mis-

representation. It was with mingled sensations of contempt and compassion, that I witnessed the efforts my mistress now made in endeavoring to force me to yield the same satisfaction to her as I had done upon our first acquaintance. Perhaps, in my confidential situation, it would be scarcely honorable to disclose all I saw; suffice it then to hint, that to my candid temper, it was painful to be obliged to connive at that borrowed bloom, which, after all, was a substitute for that of nature; time, too, greatly baffled even these expedients, and threatened to render them wholly ineffectual. Many a cross and reproachful look had I now to endure: which, however, I took patiently, being always remarkably smooth and even in my temper. Well remembering how sadly time had spoiled the face of my poor old mistress, I dreaded the consequences if my present owner should experience, by and by, as rough treatment from him; and I believe she dreaded it too; but these apprehensions were needless. Time is not seldom arrested in the midst of his occupations; and it was so in this instance. I was one day greatly shocked, by beholding my poor mistress stretched out in a remote part of the room, arrayed in very different ornaments to those I had been used to see her wear; she was so much altered that I scarcely knew her; but for this she could not now reproach me; I watched her thus for a few days, as she lay before me, as cold and mo-

tionless as myself: but she was soon conveyed away; and I, shortly afterwards, was engaged in the service of another mistress.

My new station was, in some respects, very similar to my last; that is, I was again placed in a young lady's apartment, where I did not doubt but I should be called to witness the same appearances and operations as before: but in this I was mistaken. The first circumstance that made me suspect my new mistress differed from my late one, was, that when she first entered her chamber after my arrival, I observed that she remained there for a considerable time, and at last went out again without taking the least notice of me: this surprised me exceedingly. The first time I had a full view of her, was the next morning as soon as she arose, when she came and spent a very few minutes in my company, adjusting a neat morning dress, and combing out some pretty, simple ringlets upon her fair forehead. It was not such a fine formed face, as I remember my last mistress's was, when I first entered her service; but having, by this time, from the nature of my studies, acquired considerable skill in physiognomy, I confess it pleased me much better: and although I soon found I should meet with much less attention here, than I had lately been accustomed to, I was now too old, and knew too well how to estimate those attentions, to feel at all mortified at the neglect. The visits my new mistress paid

me, were very regular; about thrice in the day she used to avail herself for a short time of my services; and while on these occasions I never remember to have received a cross or discontented look from her, so I never, on the other hand, witnessed that expression of secret satisfaction, or anxious inquiry, which I had often heretofore had occasion to remark.

My mistress spent much time alone in her chamber; but it was rarely indeed, that she took any notice of me, except at those times when I was really wanted. I have known her sit many a time, for two or three hours, working or reading at the table over which I hung, without once lifting up her head to look at me; though I could see her all the time I have observed her light figure pass and repass twenty times before me, without her once glancing at me as she went by. Thus we lived together very good friends; neither of us making any unreasonable demands upon the other. Time, as usual, passed away: but I was particularly struck in observing the different effect of his operations on the countenance of my present possessor, and that of my last. There was, of course, in a few years some visible alteration; but although the bloom of youth began to fade, there was nothing less of sweetness, cheerfulness, and contentment in her expression. She retained the same placid smile, the same unclouded brow, the same mildness in her eye, (though it was

somewhat less sparkling,) as when it first beamed upon me ten years before.

I saw here but few fine things and little variety; except such as the changing seasons, and a moderate attention to changing fashions occasioned: but then, I was never annoyed, as I had been in my last place, with that heterogeneous mixture of fragments of littered finery, with which the room and dressing table used to be scattered in all directions, after the grand operation was over; and which lay full in my view for hours, till my mistress's return at night, or more often till the next morning. All here was neat and orderly; which to me was a very great accommodation; having acquired, in early life, from the orderly habits of my poor old mistress, such a love of neatness, that any thing untidy was particularly offensive to me. I became, as you may easily imagine, much attached to my present employer, and wished for nothing better than to pass the remainder of my days in her service; but herein I was disappointed.

One morning early, she appeared before me, surrounded by several fair attendants, and devoted to me a little more time and attention than was usual with her. I shall never forget the expression of her countenance, as she stood arrayed all in white, and gave me one more pensive look, which I little thought, at the time, would be the last I should ever receive from her; but so it was.

There was a great bustle in the house that morning, (whatever was the reason,) and I saw my fair mistress no more!

Ever since, I have continued in quiet possession of her deserted chamber; which is only occasionally visited by other parts of the family; sometimes my dear mistress's favorite cat will steal in, as though in quest of her: leap up upon the table, purr, and sweep her long tail across my face; then catching a glimpse of me jump down again, and run out as though she was frightened. I feel that I am now getting old, and almost beyond further service. I have an ugly crack, occasioned by the careless stroke of a broom, all across my left corner; my coat is very much worn in several places: even my new frame is now tarnished and old fashioned; so that I cannot expect any new employment.

Having now, therefore, nothing to reflect on but the past scenes of my life, I have amused myself with giving you this account of them. I said I had made physiognomy my study, and that I had acquired some skill in this interesting science. The result of my observations will, at least, be deemed impartial, when I say, that I am generally least pleased with the character of those faces, which appear the most so with mine. And I have seen occasion so far to alter the opinions of my inexperienced youth, that, for those who pass the least time with me, and treat

me with little consideration, I conceive the highest esteem; and their aspect generally produces the most pleasing *reflections*.

VI.

THE PLEASURES OF TASTE.

A Dialogue.

FATHER. Come girls, are you ready for a walk?

MARY. Quite ready, papa.

MARTHA. Ready in two minutes, sir.

FATHER. Which way will you go this evening?

MARTHA. To the parade, if you please, papa.

MARY. To the beach, papa. We shall be in time to see the sun set.

MARTHA. I do n't like the beach; nobody walks on the beach.

FATHER. Then we shall have it all to ourselves.

MARTHA. To ourselves, indeed! Mary always proposes those stupid walks where there is nothing to be seen.

MARY. O, Martha! Nothing to be seen!

MARTHA. Nothing in the world but the sea.

FATHER. That is what we are come on purpose to look at.

MARTHA. Yes, very true: but there is just as good a sea view on the parade, and every body walks on the parade.

FATHER. Come then, away to the parade, if you will; and to please you both, we will return by the beach, and then enjoy the scene to ourselves.

MARY. Yes, thank you dear papa, so we will, (*sings*)

> "And listen to the tuneless cry
> Of Fishing-gull, and Golden-eye."

FATHER. A delightful evening!

MARTHA. Yes, very pleasant; and what crowds of company!

MARY. I think I never saw the sea so calm.

MARTHA. Pray look at those ladies, Mary Did you ever see such frightful pelisses!

MARY. How bright that white sail looks, in the distance, with the sun upon it.

MARTHA. But the fringe is pretty.

FATHER. And the sea birds; see how they sparkle in the sunshine.

MARY. Yes;

> ——"The silver winged sea fowl on high,
> Like meteors bespangle the sky;
> Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
> Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide"

MARTHA. Genteel girls, are they not? those that just passed us;—I wonder who they are! I

wish our spencers had been of that color; it was just the kind I wished for, only mamma would have these.

MARY. O let us turn! The sun will be down presently: we shall lose it if we walk to the end of the parade.

FATHER. A fine sunset indeed!

MARY. What a beautiful reflection on the water! like a column of fire.

MARTHA. As if the sun did not set every night in the year! It looks so strange to be standing still, like nobody else, does it not?

FATHER. Nay, we will not regard that.

MARY. How large and red! There, now it just begins to touch the sea. How beautiful! how grand! Is it not, father?

FATHER. Truly it is: and if we were not so much accustomed to the spectacle, it would strike us far more. It is no wonder that the generality of mankind, who rarely divert their attention from the common interests, occupations, and vanities of life, to contemplate the wonders and beauties of nature, regard them with perfect indifference. They think, as Martha says, that the sun sets every night in the year, and they wonder what there can be to admire in it. But a cultivated taste counteracts, in a great degree, this effect of habit, which otherwise renders the most sublime objects unaffecting to us. It enables us to see things as they are: to the eye of taste,

nature is ever fresh and new, and those objects which it has contemplated a thousand times still interest and delight it. Thus a source of unfailing and refined pleasure is opened to us; and its chief value consists in this, that it enables us to derive enjoyment from things that are to be seen every day and every night, and that constantly surround us.

MARY. There goes the sun!—the last, last speck: now it is quite gone.

FATHER. Gone to enlighten the other hemisphere:—it is now dawning on the great Pacific, calling the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands to their daily labor, and leaving us to darkness and repose.

MARY. And while we are sleeping so quietly in our beds, at what an amazing pace this globe of ours must be spinning about, to bring us round to face the sun again to-morrow morning!

FATHER. Yes, there is One "who never slumbers nor sleeps; the darkness and the light are both alike to Him." He it is who holds the planets in their courses, and maintains the vast machinery in perfect order and harmony. He looks down with pure benevolence upon our sleeping and waking world, and "causes His sun to shine on the just and on the unjust," upon Pagan and Christian lands. "His tender mercies are over all his works."

MARTHA. Papa, shall we take another turn?

FATHER. With all my heart: but tell me, my dear girl, is there not something more interesting in the scene we have beheld, than in this moving medley of ribbons and feathers?

MARTHA. O certainly, papa, more interesting; but surely it is pleasant and cheerful—amusing, at least, to look about one a little, like other people.

FATHER. All very well in its way, my dear; but a little of it, I confess, satisfies me. Besides, I should be very sorry to be so dependent upon circumstances for my amusement, as to be pleased only with these gay scenes.

MARTHA. How so, papa? There is always something gay to be seen, if one chooses.

FATHER. Not always: suppose now, I were to send you to your uncle's farm house; where there is nothing to behold but fields and trees, and green lanes by day; and nothing but the stars overhead by night.

MARTHA. I believe, indeed, I should very soon be tired of it.

FATHER. Then you see, your happiness depends upon circumstances; and you are not so independent as one who could be pleased and happy anywhere.

MARTHA. O, but I would never go to a place where I could not be happy.

FATHER. Now you talk like a silly child. We are not always—we are scarcely ever, entirely at

our own disposal, and it may happen that you will have to spend, not a few weeks only, but years; your whole life, perhaps, in such a situation.

MARTHA. O shocking! I hope not I 'm sure.

FATHER. Nay, that is an idle wish. Hope rather for a mind capable of being satisfied with those natural, simple pleasures, which Providence everywhere places within our reach, and then you are more independent than a queen. Our rural poet well sings,

> "I would not for a world of gold,
> That Nature's lovely face should tire."

For truly an eye to see and a heart to feel its beauties, are of more importance to happiness, than a great estate.

MARTHA. The country is very beautiful, certainly, in some parts; and I should like of all things to live in a fine park, with lawns and trees, and deer, and all that kind of things.

FATHER. I dare say you would. But suppose, instead of being mistress of this fine park, you were only a tenant's daughter, living in a humble dwelling on its outskirts.

MARTHA. I should not like that at all.

FATHER. No?—Why you could walk in the park, and look at the lawns, and the trees, and the deer, as well as the lady herself.

MARTHA. Yes; just *look* at them.

FATHER. Well, the mistress herself could do no more. And let us suppose, (a very possible case,) that this lady has no true taste for the scenes which surround her; that she values them chiefly as articles of splendor and show; and prefers a saloon crowded with company, to a walk in her peaceful lawns and groves; while the tenant's daughter is gifted with taste and sentiment to enjoy these natural beauties; then I maintain, that her humble neighbor is the happier, the more independent, the more truly elevated of the two.

MARTHA. La, papa!

FATHER. Yes; and I believe it not unfrequently happens, that the great unintentionally indeed, thus provide pleasures for others, of which they themselves never knew the true enjoyment. So true is it, that "man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses," but in what he is in himself. They who depend on artificial pleasures for their happiness, are miserable if "riches take wings and fly away," so as to prevent them the means of gratification. But the fields, the trees, the blue sky, the starry heavens, are always the same, and of these pleasures none of the vicissitudes of life can deprive us.

By this time the father and his daughters had reached the lonely beach: the moon was just rising over the eastern cliffs: the planet Venus, that beautiful evening star, which made such a brilliant

appearance during the last winter, was now beginning to glow in the west: a star or two faintly glimmered overhead: the sea was perfectly calm; and the gentle, regular fall of the wave on the pebbly shore, seemed not to interrupt the solemn stillness. Mary and her father enjoyed the scene: they now walked silently; for to those who can feel them, such scenes dispose less to conversation than reflection.

There is this grand difference between natural rational pleasures, and those that are artificial;—and it is one by which they may easily be distinguished;—that from the former, the transition to religious thoughts and engagements is easy and agreeable: whether we contemplate nature with the eye of taste, or investigate it with that of philosophy, our thoughts are readily led upwards to the great Author of all; "all whose works praise Him:" and it is at such times, with peculiar appropriateness that the Christian can say,—

> "This awful God is ours,
> Our Father, and our friend."

But from trifling thoughts and dissipating amusements, the transition is violent and difficult indeed; and is, in fact, very rarely attempted.

So it proved in the present instance. When they returned from their walk, Mary retired to her closet, with a mind serious, and disposed for its sacred duties, while Martha remained before

her glass, ruminating on the pattern of a new spencer, which had attracted her attention on the parade.

VII.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN LUCY AND HER MOTHER.

One day a lady and her daughter called upon Lucy's mother, and sat with her an hour or more, conversing on various subjects. Lucy's age was not such as to make it proper for her to take part in the conversation; she sat sometimes listening to what passed, and sometimes making silent observations on the dress or manners of her mother's visiters. When they took leave, she began the following conversation.

Lucy. What a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts!

Mother. It would be inconvenient, sometimes, if they could.

Lucy. O, worse than inconvenient! to day, for instance, I would not have had Mrs. and Miss G. know what I was thinking of for all the world.

Mother. Indeed! Pray may *I* know what it might be?

Lucy. O yes, mamma, you may; it was no real harm. I was only thinking what an odd, fat, dis-

agreeable kind of looking woman Mrs. G. was;—and what a tiresome way she had of telling long stories; and that Miss G. was the vainest girl I ever saw; I could see all the time, she was thinking of nothing but her beauty, and her—

MOTHER. Come, come, no more of this. I have heard quite enough.

LUCY. Well, mamma, but only do suppose they could have known what I was thinking of!

MOTHER. Well, and what then do you suppose?

LUCY. Why, in the first place, I dare say they would have thought me an impertinent, disagreeable little thing.

MOTHER. I dare say they would.

LUCY. So what a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts! is it not?

MOTHER. I rather think it does not make so much difference as you imagine.

LUCY. Dear me, I think it must make a great deal of difference.

MOTHER. Did not you say just now, that Miss G. was a vain girl, and that she thought a great deal of her beauty?

LUCY. Yes, and so she does, I am certain.

MOTHER. Pray, my dear, who told you so?

LUCY. Nobody: I found it out myself.

MOTHER. But how did you find it out, Lucy.

LUCY. Why, mamma, I could see it, as plain as could be.

MOTHER. So then, if you could have looked

into her heart, and had seen her think to herself —"What a beauty I am!—I hope they admire me"—it would have made no alteration in your opinion of her.

LUCY. (*Laughing*) No, mamma; only have confirmed me in what I thought before.

MOTHER. Then what advantage was it to her that you could not see her thoughts?

LUCY. (*Hesitating*) Not much, to her, certainly —just then at least;—not to such a vain looking girl as she is.

MOTHER. What do you suppose gives her that vain look?

LUCY. Being so pretty, I suppose.

MOTHER. Nay, think again; I have seen many faces as pretty as hers, that did not look at all vain.

LUCY. True, so have I; then it must be from her thinking so much about her beauty.

MOTHER. Right. If Miss G. has a vain expression in her countenance (which for argument's sake we suppose) or whoever has such an expression, this must be the cause. Now we are come to the conclusion I expected, and I have proved my point.

LUCY. What point, mamma?

MOTHER. That you greatly overrate the advantage, or mistake the nature of it, of our thoughts being concealed from our fellow creatures. Since it appears, that the thoughts—at

least our *habits of thought*, so greatly influence the conduct, manners, and appearance, that our *secret* weaknesses are as effectually betrayed to *all* discerning eyes, as if our inmost feelings were *actually* visible.

LUCY. But surely there are some people so deep and artful, that nobody can possibly guess what passes in their minds? Not that I should wish to be such an one.

MOTHER. They may, and do, indeed, often succeed in deceiving others in particular instances; but they cannot conceal their true characters; every one knows that they are deep and artful, and therefore their grand purpose is defeated; they are neither esteemed nor trusted.

LUCY. Well, but still mamma, to-day, for instance, do you really suppose that Mrs. and Miss G. had any idea of the opinion I formed of them?

MOTHER. Indeed, my dear, I dare say Mrs. and Miss G. did not take the trouble to think about *you*, or your opinions; but supposing they had chanced to observe you, I think, most likely, they would have formed an unfavorable idea.

LUCY. Why so, mamma?

MOTHER. Let us suppose that any other young girl of your own age had been present, and that while you were making your ill-natured observations on these ladies, your companion had been listening with sympathy and kindness to the account Mrs. G. was giving of her troubles and

complaints; and wishing she could relieve or assist her. Do you not imagine that in this case, the tone of her voice, the expression of her countenance would have been more gentle and kind and agreeable than yours? And do not you think that these ladies, if they had taken the trouble, could have discerned the difference?

LUCY. I dare say they would have liked her the best.

MOTHER. Doubtless. But suppose instead of this being a single instance, as I would hope it is, suppose you were in the habit of making such impertinent observations, and of forming these uncharitable opinions of every body that came in your way?

LUCY. Then I should get a sharp satirical look, and every body would dislike me.

MOTHER. Yes, as certainly as if you thought aloud.

LUCY. Only that would be rather worse.

MOTHER. In some respects it would be rather better; there would, at least, be something honest in it; instead of that hateful and unsuccessful duplicity, which, while all uncharitableness is indulged within, renders the exterior all friendship and cordiality. And that is but a poor, mean, ungenerous kind of satisfaction at best, Lucy, which arises from the hope that others do not know how vain, how selfish, how censorious we are.

LUCY. Yes, I know that; but yet—

MOTHER. But yet, you mean to say, I suppose, that you cannot exactly think as I do about it: and the reason is, that you have not thought sufficiently upon the subject, nor observed enough of yourself and of others, to enter fully into my ideas. But when you are capable of making more accurate observations on what passes in your own mind, you will find, that our estimation of those around us is not so much formed upon their outward actions, nor their common conversation, as upon those slight, involuntary turns of countenance or of expression, which escape them unawares, which betray their inmost thoughts, and lay their hearts open to our view; and by which, in fact, we decide upon their characters, and regulate the measure of our esteem.

LUCY. Then what is one to do, mother?

MOTHER. Nothing can be plainer: there is but one way for us, Lucy, if we desire the esteem of others. Let our thoughts be always *fit to be seen:* let them be such as to impart to our countenance, our manners, our conduct, that which is generous, candid, honest, and amiable.

LUCY. But that would be very difficult.

MOTHER. Not if it be attempted in the right way. It would be difficult, and indeed quite impossible, to restrain all foolish and evil thoughts with a direct view to be admired or approved by

our fellow creatures: but if we resolve to do so in the fear of God, from a recollection that He "searches and knows us, and understands our thoughts afar off," we shall find assistance and motive; and success will certainly follow. If, like David, we hate "vain thoughts," because God hates them, we shall not suffer them to "lodge within us;" but shall desire as the apostle did, "to bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ." Thus, you see, the argument terminates where most of our discussions do; for whatever is amiss in us, there is but one remedy.

Let us entreat God to change our evil hearts; to make them pure and holy; to cleanse them from vanity, selfishness, and uncharitableness; and then all subordinate good consequences will follow. We shall enjoy the esteem and good-will of our fellow creatures, while ensuring that which is of infinitely greater consequence, the approbation of our own conscience, and of Him "whose favor is better than life."

VIII.

COMPLAINT OF THE DYING YEAR.

Reclining on a couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in a fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, behold a venerable man. His pulses beat feebly; his breath becomes shorter; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution. This is old *Eighteen Hundred and Seventeen;* and as our readers must all remember him a young man, as rosy and blithesome as themselves, they will, perhaps, feel interested in hearing some of his dying expressions, together with a few particulars of his past life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few weeks by the presence of his daughter *December*, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children: and it is thought the father and daughter will expire together. The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down just as they fell from his dying lips: any want of order or accuracy will, therefore, be excused.

"I am," said he, "the son of old father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and seventeen of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution

is beginning to break up; and that when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family being complete, he himself will be no more.

"Alas! how have I been deceived! like other youngsters I was sanguine and credulous in early life; and no wonder: for in my youthful days I received nothing but flattery and adulation, with the fairest promises of respect and good treatment. I heard that my poor brother and predecessor had been very ill used: this they confessed, while they declared their intentions to behave better to me. I have been told, that on the morning of my birth, nothing was heard but the language of joy and congratulation. It was a season of general festivity: every face beamed with pleasure; all was hope and expectation. In some places the event was announced by the ringing of bells: in others, it was recognised by solemn thanksgivings and hymns of praise. My name was sounded in every social circle, and my appearance was acknowledged in many a retired chamber. It was not, indeed, on those outward and noisy demonstrations of joy that my highest hopes were founded; but rather from the many private assurances, and even solemn vows and promises I received, from one and another, of being well treated, duly appreciated, and properly employed. It was at this time that I heard so much of their ill conduct towards my late brother;

how his property had been squandered, and his gifts undervalued; while, as the best and only compensation they could make for this behavior, I was to receive double attention and unabating respect. I could not but felicitate myself upon having made my appearance at so favorable a juncture, when so many seemed sensible of my value, and agreed as with one consent to do me justice. It was thus, in good humor with myself and my dependants, that I commenced my sanguine career: and moving onward in my swift but regular course, began to distribute of my substance as I passed. Though it is true that I gave but little at a time, yet my donations were so perpetual that all who stood ready to receive as I dealt them out, might have become rich: but very early in my career I began to experience considerable disappointment from observing, that although I was still spoken of in terms of general respect, yet that my individual gifts were despised or misemployed. Many of my precious moments have I seen thrown away with great contempt, as of no value, although they were of the very same quality as those weeks and months of which they still continued to acknowledge the importance."

Here the Old Year called for his account books, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate register of the moments, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months which he has issued; and sub-

joined, in some places, notices of the use to which they have been applied. These particulars it would be tedious to detail; perhaps the recollection of our readers may furnish them as well. But we must notice one circumstance: upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheek. This was no other than the register of the forty-eight Sundays which he has already issued; and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty-two of them: alas! how lightly have they been esteemed." Here, upon referring back to certain old memorandums, he found a long list of vows and resolutions which had a particular reference to these fifty-two Sundays. This, with a mingled emotion of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers, by which he was endeavoring to warm his shivering limbs.

"And yet I feel," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these unhappy offenders; they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience; that notorious thief *Procrastination*, for instance, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable

father of so much of his property. There are also three noted pickpockets, *Sleep*, *Sloth*, and *Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much; besides a certain busybody called *Dress*, who under the pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of my gifts, steals away more of my property than any two of them."

"As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in turn, aided my exertions: and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild *February*, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service, than that rude, blustering boy *March*, who though violent in his temper, was well intentioned and useful. *April*, a gentle tender-hearted girl, wept his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. *June* came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors. But I cannot stay to enumerate the graces and good qualities of all my children. You, my poor *December*, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born *January*, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation and you to reflection."

"If there should be any, who, upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint, that it is still possible to make some compensation for their past conduct, by rendering me, during my few remaining days, as much service as may yet be in their power: let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behavior. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect: let no one slight her offerings: she has a considerable part of my property still to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there are four precious Sundays yet in her gift; it would cheer my last moments to know that these had been better prized than the past."

"It is very likely, at least after my decease, that many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me. To such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret; all their wishes and repentance will not recall me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected: I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him: but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favorable reception; and that in addition to the flattering honors which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which

deceived my hopes, more diligent exertion, more persevering effort may be employed. Let it be remembered, that one honest endeavor is worth ten fair promises."

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back on his couch, nearly exhausted; and trembling so violently as to shake the last shower of golden leaves from his canopy. Let us all hasten to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for our abuse of them, by improving the few remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises we made him in his youth. This is the best preparation we can make for his expected successor.

IX.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

One evening, during the vacation, Frank, a tall school boy, amused his younger brother Harry, by reading an essay which had gained him the first prize at school. The subject was *Self-Denial*. Frank was a clever lad, and had acquitted himself very well. He represented his subject in so striking a light, that it made a considerable impression on the mind of his young

auditor; who, as soon as it was finished, thanked his brother for his good advice, and expressed a determination of endeavoring to profit by it.—"I am afraid," said he, "I have never learned to deny myself as I ought; but I hope, brother Frank, that I shall not forget this lesson of yours: I wish now you would be so kind as to give me some more good hints on the subject."

Now Frank, not considering this the best possible compliment that could be paid to his composition, felt disappointed that, instead of commenting upon the force of his arguments, or the graces of his style, he should begin gravely to moralize about it; and it confirmed him in a favorite opinion of his, that his brother Harry had not a spark of *genius*, nor ever would have.

Harry repeated his request; but finding his brother more inclined to discuss the merits, and relate the success of his essay, than to draw a practical improvement from it, he contented himself with his own private resolutions. "To-morrow," said he to himself, "to-morrow morning I will begin.—But why not begin to night?"—The clock had just struck, and Harry recollected that his mother had desired them not to sit up a minute after the clock struck nine. He reminded his brother of this order. "Never mind," said Frank—"here 's a famous fire, and I shall stay and enjoy it."—"Yes," said Harry, "here 's a

famous fire, and I should *like* to stay and enjoy it; but that would not be self-denial, would it Frank?"

"Nonsense!" said Frank,—"I shall not stir yet, I promise you."—"Then good night to you," said Harry.

Now, whether his brother was correct in his opinion of Harry's want of genius, we shall not stay to inquire; indeed it is a question of very little importance, either to us or to him; since it cannot be denied, that his reflections, and his conduct, on this occasion, displayed good sense, good principle, and strength of character: and these are sterling qualities, for which the brightest sparks of genius would be a poor exchange.

Six o'clock was the time at which Harry was expected to rise; but not unfrequently since the cold weather set in, he had indulged an hour longer. When it struck six the next morning, he started up, but the air felt so frosty, that he had a strong inclination to lie down again.—"But no!" thought he—"here is a fine opportunity for self-denial; and up he jumped without further hesitation."

"Frank, Frank," said he to his sleeping brother—"past six o'clock, and a fine star-light morning." "Let me alone," cried Frank, in a cross, drowsy voice.—"Very well, then; a pleasant nap to you," said Harry, and down he ran as gay as a lark.

After finishing his Latin exercise, he had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast this morning; so that he came in fresh and rosy; with a good appetite; and, what was still better, in a good humor.

But, poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the bell rang for prayer, came down, looking pale, and cross, and cold, and discontented.—Harry, who, if he had no genius, had some sly drollery of his own, was just beginning to rally him on his forlorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution—"Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," thought he; so he suppressed his joke; and it requires some self-denial, even to suppress a joke.

During breakfast, his father promised that if the weather continued fine, Harry should ride out with him before dinner on the gray pony. Harry was much delighted with this proposal, and the thought of it occurred to him very often during the business of the morning. The sun shone cheerily in at the parlor windows, and seemed to promise fair for a fine day. About noon, however, it became rather cloudy, and Harry was somewhat startled to perceive a few large drops upon the flag-stones in the court: he equipped himself, nevertheless, in his great coat at the time appointed, and stood playing with his whip in the hall, waiting to see the horses led out. His mother now passing by, said, "My dear

boy, I am afraid there can be no riding this morning; do you see that the stones are quite wet?"—"Dear mother," said Harry, "you surely do not imagine that I am afraid of a few drops of rain!—besides, I don't believe it rains at all now." "It seems to me to be coming up very heavy from the South," said his mother.—"It will be no more than a shower at any rate," replied Harry. Just then his father came in; who looked first at the clouds, then at the barometer, then at Harry, and shook his head.

"You intend to go, papa, don't you?" said Harry.

"I must go, I have business to do; but I believe, Harry, it will be better for you to stay at home this morning," said his father.

"But, sir," repeated Harry, "do you think it possible, now, that this little sprinkling of rain should do me the least harm in the world?—with my great coat, and all!"—"Yes, Harry," said his father, "I do think that even this sprinkling of rain may do you harm, as you have not been quite well: I think, too, it will be more than a sprinkling. But you shall decide, on this occasion, for yourself. I know you have some self-command. I shall only tell you that your going this morning would make your mother uneasy; and that we both think it improper;—now determine."

Harry again looked at the clouds; at the stones; at his boots: and, last of all, at his kind moth-

er, and then he recollected himself:—"This," thought he, "is the best opportunity for self-denial that I have had to-day; and he immediately ran out to tell Roger that he need not saddle the gray pony."

"I should like another half, I think, mother," said Frank, that day at dinner, just as he had despatched a large hemisphere of mince pie.

"Any more for you, my dear Harry?" said his mother.

"If you please—no thank you, though," said Harry, withdrawing his plate, "for," thought he, "I have had enough, and more than enough to satisfy my hunger: and now is the time for self-denial."

"Brother Harry," said his little sister, after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle? you said you would, a long time ago."

"I am busy now, child," said Harry—"don't tease me now, there's a good girl."—She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair.—"Come, then," said he, suddenly recollecting himself; "bring me your puzzle;" and laying down his book, he very good-naturedly showed his little sister how to place it.

That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Harry called to mind, with some complacency, the several instances in the course of the

day in which he had succeeded in exercising self-denial; and he was on the very point of enumerating them to his brother Frank.—"But no," thought he, "here is another opportunity still of denying myself; I will not say a word about it; besides, to boast of it, would spoil all."

So Harry laid down quietly; making the following sage reflections:—"This has been a pleasant day to me; although I have had one great disappointment in it, and done several things against my will. I find that self-denial is painful for a moment, but very agreeable in the end. If I go on this plan every day, I shall stand a good chance of having a happy life; for life is made up of days and hours, and it will be just as pleasant and as easy:"—but here Harry's thoughts began to wander, and soon became quite indistinct. In fact, he was sound asleep before he had half finished his reflections; the remainder must be supplied by the reader.

One of them will, doubtless, be this—that self-denial is no *sinecure* virtue; nor one which may be reserved for a few great occasions in life; but that it is wanted every day, and every hour; that is, as often as we are tempted to self-indulgence.

X.

A FABLE.

An idle weed that used to crawl
Unseen behind the garden wall,
  (Its most becoming station;)
At last—refreshed by sun and showers,
Which nourish weeds, as well as flowers—
Amused its solitary hours
  With thoughts of elevation.

Those thoughts encouraged day by day,
It shot forth many an upward spray,
  And many a tendril band;
But as it could not climb alone,
It uttered oft a lazy groan
To moss and mortar, stick and stone,
  To lend a helping hand.

At length, by friendly arms sustained,
The aspiring vegetable gained
  The object of its labors:
That which had cost her many a sigh,
And nothing less would satisfy—
Which was not only being *high*,
  But *higher* than her neighbors.

And now this weed, though weak, and spent
With climbing up the steep ascent,
  Admired her figure tall:
And then (for vanity ne'er ends
With that which it at first intends)

Began to laugh at those poor friends
Who helped her up the wall.

But by and by, my lady spied
The garden on the other side:
And fallen was her crest,
To see, in neat array below,
A bed of all the flowers that blow—
Lily and rose—a goodly show,
In fairest colors drest.

Recovering from her first surprise,
She soon began to criticise;—
"A dainty sight, indeed!
I'd be the meanest thing that blows
Rather than that affected rose;
So much perfume offends my nose,"
Exclaimed the vulgar weed.

"Well, 't is enough to make one chilly,
To see that pale consumptive lily
Among these painted folks.
Miss Tulip, too, looks wondrous odd,
She 's gaping like a dying cod;—
What a queer stick is golden-rod!
And how the violet pokes!

"Not for the gayest tint that lingers
On honey-suckle's rosy fingers,
Would I with her exchange:
For this, at least, is very clear,
Since they are *there*, and I am *here*,
I occupy a higher sphere—
Enjoy a wider range."

Alas! poor envious weed!—for lo,
That instant came the gardener's hoe,
And lopped her from her sphere:
But none lamented when she fell;
No passing Zephyr sighed farewell;
No friendly Bee would hum her knell;
No Fairy dropt a tear.

While those sweet flowers of genuine worth,
Inclining toward the modest earth,
Adorn the vale below:
Content to hide in sylvan dells,
Their rosy buds and purple bells;
Though scarce a rising Zephyr tells
The secret where they grow.

MORAL.

"Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think." What a vast alteration would take place in society if this reasonable rule were to be attended to! If every one were to fall into his proper place in self-estimation (as he must eventually do in the estimation of others) how many mistakes—how much mortification would be prevented! For it is in every sense true, that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." They who value themselves on any account too highly, will certainly receive that humbling request from one or another—"Friend, go down lower." How wise, then, how secure are they, who voluntarily take the lowest room:—

"He that is down need fear no fall."

But it requires years and much experience to know ourselves: hence it is, that self-conceit is the fault of youth and ignorance; while we look for true modesty among the wise, the learned, and the venerable.

How much better would it be to learn our own insignificance by observation and reflection, than to have it discovered to us by our friends and neighbors. Yet it often requires very broad hints from those around us, before we even begin to suspect that we had rated ourselves too highly; and sometimes even this will not do; rather than suppose themselves mistaken, some will imagine all the world to be so; and conclude that their merits are overlooked. But this is a kind of injustice that rarely takes place in society: and if, owing to accidental circumstances, it should in any instance be the case that we are thought of more meanly than we deserve, let it ever be remembered, that nothing can be done on *our* parts to redress the grievance. In most cases, indeed, the more we can help ourselves the better; and he that would have his business done must do it himself; but *here* it is just the reverse. If we set but one step towards our own exaltation, we shall assuredly have to take two or three downwards for our pains. To *deserve* esteem is in our power, but if we *claim* it, we cease to deserve, and shall certainly forfeit it.

Young people, at the period when they are acquiring knowledge, are very liable to self-conceit: and thus, by their own folly, defeat the great purpose of instruction; which is, not to make them vain, but wise. They are apt to forget that knowledge is not for show, but for use: and that the desire to exhibit what they know, is invariably a proof that their acquirements are superficial.

Besides, like most other faults, self-conceit is no solitary failing, but ever brings many more in its train. They who are very desirous to shine themselves, are always envious of the attainments of others; and, like the weed in our fable, will be ingenious in discovering defects in those who are more accomplished than themselves. The vain have no rest unless they are uppermost; and more conspicuous than all around them. The most interesting pursuits cannot render retirement agreeable; concealment to them is wretchedness.

There is no generous sentiment, no amiable disposition, no warm affection, but is chilled and blighted by the secret influence of self-conceit: and perhaps there are none who more frequently or more effectually transgress the spirit of that great commandment of the law—"to love our neighbor as ourselves," than the vain. How many are there, who, while they would tremble at the idea of defrauding a companion of any part of her property, will not scruple to use a thousand little artifices to rival and supplant her in the

opinion of others; thus endeavoring to rob her of that which she probably values much more.

There are three things which those who are conscious of indulging this fault would do well to remember:—

First, That self-conceit is always most apparent in persons of mean minds and superficial acquirements: a vain person may, indeed, be *clever*, but can never be wise or great.

Secondly, That however they may suppose this weakness to be concealed within their own bosoms, there is no fault that is really more conspicuous; or that it is more impossible to hide from the eyes of others.

Thirdly, That it is highly offensive in the sight of God; and wholly inimical to moral and religious improvement.

Now, is there any gaudy weed who would fain become a sterling flower? Let such be assured that this wish, if prompted by right motives, and followed up by sincere endeavors, will not be in vain. But let it be remembered, that such a change can never be effected by merely adopting the colors and affecting the attitudes of one. This would be but to become an artificial flower at best; without the grace and fragrance of nature. Be not, then, reader, satisfied with *imitation*, which, after all, is more laborious and difficult than aiming at reality. *Be* what you would seem to be; this is the shortest, and the only

successful way. Above all, "be clothed with humility; and have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,"—for of *such* flowers it may truly be said, that, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

XI.

ON INTELLECTUAL TASTE.

When Adam and Eve first awoke to existence, and beheld the fair creation, it is not very difficult to imagine what must have been the principal subjects of their thoughts, and their discourse. The Scriptures, which never descend to those particulars which are merely calculated to gratify curiosity, are silent on this subject. Yet we may infer, without any doubt, that the perfections of their Maker were the primary objects of their regard: and that to adore and praise him was their highest and most delightful employment. Next to this, we may reasonably conclude, that their attention was awakened to a contemplation of His works; both in admiration of their grandeur and beauty, and in investigating their principles and laws. When the sun, descending in a golden mist, sunk behind the groves of Paradise, can we suppose that our first

parents were unaffected by the sublimity of the spectacle? or that they beheld without emotions of wonder, and delight, and intelligent curiosity, the moon rising in her beauty, and shedding her tender light on their peaceful plains? When they arose at early dawn from tranquil sleep, while the morning stars yet sang together, would not they feel disposed, like all the sons of God, to shout for joy?

The representations of our great Poet on this subject, although they claim not the authority of direct inspiration, yet, are so natural and affecting, that we can scarcely suppose them to differ widely from the reality. When,

> "——Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,"

Milton supposes the innocent and happy pair to unite in that sublime hymn in which the "glorious works" of the "Parent of good" are invited to be "vocal in His praise." In this, and in all their discourses, he represents them as susceptible of the refined pleasures of taste, and alive to high intellectual enjoyments. Indeed, to suppose them insensible to the beauties of creation, indifferent and inattentive to the grand phenomena of nature, would be to conclude, that instead of being formed rational and intelligent, they were sent into existence in the condition of untaught savages. It is true, that even during their state

of innocency, they were not exempt from manual employments. For although the ground, before the curse, brought forth neither thorns nor briers, yet Adam, we are told, was placed in the garden to till it, and to dress it; and Eve had, doubtless, her appropriate task in preparing the simple meal, adorning the leafy bower, and tending the luxuriant growth of her fruits and flowers. But that these domestic offices did not engross her so much as to diminish her taste for more elevated pursuits, is beautifully intimated by the Poet: when after relating how—modestly retiring from the philosophical discourse between the angel and Adam—she,

> "———Went forth among her fruits and flowers,
> To visit how they prospered;——

he adds,

> "Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
> Delighted, or not capable her ear
> Of what was high."

That such were the feelings and interests of our first parents, few will dispute: for it would have been strange, indeed, if, under such favorable circumstances, when all to them was new, and when they were just come from the hands of their Creator, perfect and intelligent, they had been unmindful of Him, and of his works. This being granted, may it not fairly be inquired whether any such essential difference exists between their

circumstances and ours, as to render a meaner taste, and lower objects of pursuit reasonable in *their* descendants?

To young people just awaking from the dreams of childhood, and becoming capable of observation and reflection, is not this fair world with the interesting phenomena of nature, in fact, as new as it was to its first inhabitants? Have not they also every thing to see, to investigate, and to admire? True, this earth has now existed nearly six thousand years; and the works of nature have been explored and admired by the intellectual of mankind, in every successive generation. Yet, to the youth of *this* generation, it is as it were a new creation: the young are new to themselves; and all that surrounds them is novel. The language of Adam, describing his emotions upon the first starting into being, may be adopted by every truly intelligent young person, in reference to the time when they first began to think and to observe.

> "Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
> And gazed awhile the ample sky:———
> ——— —About me round I saw
> Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
> And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these
> Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew;
> Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
> With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
> Myself I then perused."

And happy they, who like him, discerning the great Creator in his works, sum up all by exclaiming,

"Tell me how I may know him, how adore!"

But is it not equally strange and lamentable, when, so far from admiration being awakened, and curiosity excited by the beautiful and sublime objects of creation, and the great secrets of nature, the mind is satisfied with the most trifling pursuits and childish amusements?—when alternate attention to dress, visiting, and superficial acquirements, are suffered to engross all the time, or at least to engage all the interest?

If Milton had represented our mother Eve, when not occupied by the concerns of the domestic bower, as devoting her leisure hours to binding flowers in wreaths and garlands, wherewith to adorn herself—if he had told us that she and Adam spent their evenings in playing with pebbles, dancing on the turf, or in idle conversation; and that they rose and retired to rest without any devout acknowledgements to their Maker; we should certainly have considered it a most absurd, unfair, and degrading representation, even after they had fallen from their first estate. Yet how many of their descendents are there, even in the most civilized and evangelized parts of the globe, whose time is spent to no better purpose! A young lady who rises without prayer, or with only a heartless and formal performance of it, who spends her morning in preparing ornaments of dress, or in pursuits equally trifling, and devotes her evening to gay amusements, or even to the

more creditable recreation of sober visiting, and returning weary or dissipated, forgets to call upon God, is surely no less unmindful of the dignity of her nature, and the great ends of her existence.

Perhaps the subjoined stanzas may serve to illustrate our subject, by exemplifying the difference between a trifling and an intellectual taste.

It was a pleasant winter's night;
The sky was clear and the stars were bright,
  The air was fresh and cold;
But all within was warm and tight;
And the fire-flame cast a flashing light
On the carpet red, and the ceiling white,
  And on the curtain-fold.

Here Anne and Martha idly sit,
Because the candles are not lit,
  And both are tired of play;
And Anne was tired of Martha's chat,
About the trimming to her hat,
For her mother had said (she was sure of that)
  She would trim their hats that day.

So rising as quickly as she could,
Anne went to the window, and there she stood:
The sash, which reached the floor, displayed
To view the pleasant garden-shade;
  For the curtains were not drawn.
And she was pleased to stand and see
The moon shine on the laurel tree:—
How, when the wind the foliage heaves,
It sparkles on the glossy leaves;

And what soft light and shade were shed
On every bush and every bed;
And what a sheet of light was spread
  Over the level lawn.

Then roved her eye from star to star,
And soon her thought had fled as far:
For thought has neither chain nor bar,
  It ranges fair and free:
And as she had not wings to fly
Amid the starry realms on high,
She marvelled that a mortal eye
  Those distant worlds could see.

Their gentle mother enters now,
And pleasure gladdens Martha's brow;
For lo! on either hand she bears
With tender touch, these hats of theirs:
While in her basket store is seen
Some glossy yards of ribbon green;
  And having now unrolled it—
She forms the bow, she twines the band;
Behold, with light and dexterous hand;
And there does eager Martha stand,
Suggesting this, approving that,
And all her soul is in her hat
  (Full large enough to hold it.)

Nor think that thoughtful Anne defers
To thank her mother, too, for her's:
She came, and with a grateful look,
And duteous word, her hat she took,
  And bore it to its place:
Yet that fair ribbon, bright and new,

Scarce cared she if 't was green or blue:
For now her mind was braced with thought,
Some nobler happiness it sought
Than 'ere, with nicest art, was wrought
With ribbon, pearl, or lace.

As years increased, still Anne inclined
To train and cultivate her mind,
At reason's nobler voice:
While Martha strove, with equal care,
To deck her person light and fair:
Now, reader, these pursuits compare,
Compare—and make your choice.

XII.

SOLILOQUIES OF THE OLD PHILOSOPHER AND THE YOUNG LADY.

"ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human knowledge! how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge, but how little do I know! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit all is but confusion or conjecture: so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

"It is true that I can measure the sun; and compute the distances of the planets: I can calculate their periodical movements; and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions: but with regard to their construction, to the beings which inhabit them, of their condition and circumstances, whether natural or moral, what do I know more than the clown?

"Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements; and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

"I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain, which draws all things to a common centre? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause, but can I explain or comprehend it?

"Pursuing the track of the Naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families:—but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality?—Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that

paints and fringes the flower of the field?—have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

"I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it instinct, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me as are the learned languages to the unlettered mechanic: I understand as little of their policy and laws as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

"But leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependance and mysterious connexion. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood? Thus in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

"Again, how many years of my life were devot-

ed to the acquisition of those languages, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! and what have I gathered from these but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?

"Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance? of how little has man, at his best estate, to boast! what folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

"Well!" exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished: indeed it would be strange, if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily that it is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to exercise my various accomplishments.

"Let me see!—as to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well: as well at least, and better, than any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I

am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company. I must still continue to practise a little;—the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which every body allows I sing with taste, and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

"My drawings are universally admired: especially the shells and flowers; which are beautiful, certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments.

"And then my dancing and waltzing! in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further;—just the figure for it certainly;—it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

"As to *common* things, geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy, thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.

"Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through; the only wonder is that one head can contain it all!"

XIII.

ONE POUND AND TEN THOUSAND.

THERE was a certain industrious little girl, in a small country town, who had learned to plait straw for bonnets: although she was but young, she did her work very neatly, and her parents, though poor themselves, allowed her to keep all her earnings to purchase her own clothes with. Rachel enjoyed this independency; it made her work with alacrity and interest, so that she might be seen early and late at her window: her little fingers moving like clock-work. And it was thought a good sign by many people, that she was not observed to lift her head from her work whenever any body passed by, which is too often the case with girls who sit at needle-work at their windows; so that, on market days especially, they must lose as many as one stitch in three. But Rachel used to think to herself, what did it signify to her, who was taking a walk; or how people were dressed, or who was going to buy a bun at the baker's shop opposite;—whereas, it did signify a great deal, whether her task was finished at the end of the day, and whether she had got her usual week's earnings on Saturday night.

There was a young neighbor of Rachel's at

next door, who lost as many pence every week by that bun and biscuit shop, as if she had been in the habit of treating herself with biscuits and buns; which, though she would have liked very much, she could not afford to purchase. It was the case here, as in most other towns, that there were a great many idle people who had nothing to do in a morning, but to walk about: and who, when they were tired, would turn into the pastry-cook's, or this biscuit shop, to refresh themselves with something good. Now this young girl had so much idle curiosity, that she could not refrain, or rather she *did not* refrain, from looking off from her work all the time that any ladies or nurse-maids were there, to observe how they were dressed, how long they stayed, and then to see whether they went up town or down town, or turned into the church-yard. The foolish girl did not consider that as a penny saved is a penny gained, so, a penny not earned is a penny lost.

But to return to Rachel: it was not long before she reaped the reward of her diligence. After having been employed about a twelvemonth at her trade, it appeared, besides having furnished herself with decent clothing during that time, thus relieving her parents of the burden of providing her dress, she had realized no less a sum than nineteen shillings and sixpence, sterling. Industrious people are generally frugal also. This was the case with Rachel. Indeed, she

would never have been able to save up all th money, if she had spent half as much as mo young girls do, in ribbons and bobbin-net, an beads, and other trifles, which, after all, only giv them a tawdry and vulgar appearance; and she now felt very glad that she was not prevailed upo to purchase that pair of gold *drops*, which the old pedlar tempted her with so much in the spring.

"I should like for once," said Rachel to herself, "to have a real bank note of my own. I have only to earn one sixpence more, and then I will get it changed for a one pound note." So she resolved to set to work very diligently: but as she was somewhat too eagerly shuffling the shillings and half-crowns out of her lap into her money box, her silver thimble rolled off on to the floor, and disappeared. Rachel searched for it in every corner to no purpose; till she was at last obliged to conclude that it had found its way into a well-known mouse hole under the window seat, which, by the by, ought to have been stopped up long ago. Here Rachel first poked in her scissors, then a fork, and then a skewer; but she found it a fathomless abyss, from which nothing came forth but tufts of cobweb. She now attempted to work without a thimble, but soon found she should lose time by that: then she borrowed her mother's, winding a piece of paper round her finger to make it fit: but in spite of this, it slipped off continually; besides, her mother wanted it.

So she was obliged to go out, much against her will, and buy a new one, which cost her eighteenpence; and thus she had to wait some time longer before she could make up the desired sum.

It was not till old Michaelmas-day (and Rachel thought it was very particular that it should happen just on that day) that she realized her wishes, and placed a bank of England one-pound note at the bottom of her money-box. This treasure she surveyed with considerable satisfaction, and soon began to calculate how many useful things she might purchase with all that money. At first, indeed, she thought of several things that were *not* useful; but after a little reflection, she resolved not to think of them any more; but determined that her principal purchase should be a warm cloak, to go to the Sunday school in, this next winter; which she was in the habit of regularly attending through all weathers. This decision, which she knew to be wise and prudent, because she could have pleased her fancy much more by other things, made her feel that pleasantest of all sensations, self approval; and as she took up her work again she began to sing. The lines she happened to think of were very suitable—

♪ "Whene'er I take my walks abroad," &c.

But when she came to that part—

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more"—

she chanced to cast her eyes on her bank note; when the large word "ONE," caught her attention. "It is but *one* pound after all," thought she, and she stopped singing. "Ah, if I am so happy because I have one, what should I be if I had hundreds or thousands, like some people! Let me see; if I had ten thousand pounds, for instance, I should be just ten thousand times happier than I am now." And now it appeared to Rachel, that to be ten thousand times less happy than it was possible to be, was scarcely to be happy at all; this thought made her feel a little discontented.

Some days afterwards she was sitting at her work as usual. The little parlor which her mother allowed her to occupy, was neat and pleasant. A bright yellow canary bird, which sang sweetly, together with a fine box of mignionette, and some pots of beautiful balsams, ornamented the window where she worked; and she thought it very pleasant to sit there on a fine day, like this, with these pretty flowers before her, and her canary singing his lively tunes. Just as she was thinking so, some ladies came in to look at the different kinds of straw that she used to plait. Rachel displayed specimens of all the various sorts; but the young lady who wished to choose some was very difficult to please. She seemed dissatisfied with them all: and complained of "the impossibility of getting any thing in the world in the country."

Rachel could not help thinking that this fine lady looked cross and discontented: she also thought that she must be selfish and inconsiderate; for she hindered her from her work the best part of half an hour, looking first at one pattern, and then at another—now seeming inclined to order some—then hesitating again, and at last going away without either choosing any, or making the least apology for giving her so much trouble.

When the ladies were gone, Rachel's mother came in to inquire whether they had bespoke any straw. Rachel told her, and added, "Mother, do you know I was thinking that I had rather sit here all my life, plaiting of straw, than be that lady that had on the purple velvet pelisse; for I am sure she cannot be happy." "Child," replied her mother, "you don't know what you are talking about! that young lady has got ten thousand pounds to her fortune."

"Ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed Rachel, she said no more, but the words struck her: They brought forcibly to her mind what she had lately been thinking, about her one pound note; and she wondered how it could be, that instead of being ten thousand times happier, the lady did not appear to be nearly so happy as she herself was. In the midst of these thoughts, she was interrupted by the entrance of a young lady whom Rachel was always glad to see. It was her

teacher at the Sunday school, who often called, in to converse with her most intelligent scholars; and she was so good and affable, and seemed to take such a kind interest in her affairs, that Rachel was encouraged to communicate to her all the little troubles or pleasures that at any time occupied her mind. It was not long, therefore, before she made her acquainted with the subject of her present thoughts: she told her, in fact, the history of her one pound note; and requested to know, whether it was really true, that that discontented looking lady had ten thousand times as many pound notes as she had? "Yes, Rachel," replied the teacher, "she has indeed quite as many as that; but I suspect, that this lady and you have fallen into the same mistake about pound notes, by imagining that persons are happy, in proportion to the number of them they happen to possess. You, accordingly, were rather discontented because you had only one; and she, it is said, is *very* discontented because she has only ten thousand.

RACHEL. *Only* ten thousand! why, is not that enough?

TEACHER. She expected that the relation who bequeathed her this money in his will, would have left her three times as much; and supposed, that if he had, she should have been three times as happy: so that when he died, and she found it

was *only ten thousand*, she went into hysterics; and never seems to have recovered the disappointment!

RACHEL. Dear me! but sure ten thousand pounds must be enough to buy every thing that she can want?

TEACHER. Very true indeed, Rachel; and now you have yourself answered the question that puzzled you so much. The use of money is to supply our real wants, according to our station; and it is only in this way that money can affect happiness. Those who have enough for this purpose are rich, however small, comparatively, their means may be. You felt pleased and happy as long as you viewed your savings in this just light. You thought of something you really wanted, and found that you could now purchase it; it was not till you began to think of some things that you did not want—hundreds and thousands of pounds, for instance, that you felt any discontent. I believe, Rachel, that you have every day as much wholesome food as you wish for?

RACHEL. O yes, ma'am, always.

TEACHER. And you appear to have warm, neat, and suitable clothes, I think?

RACHEL. Why, yes, middling well for that, thank ye, ma'am.

TEACHER. You have also a comfortable house, a good bed, and a pleasant room, here, to sit and work in.

RACHEL. Certainly, ma'am.

TEACHER. You have even some luxuries, Rachel; your pretty balsams here, and your little canary. There are many persons who give a great deal of money for baubles, which, after all, do not afford them one half the pleasure that these sweet flowers yield to you. Now, tell me, if you can, what you really want more than you have!—(*Rachel pauses.*)

TEACHER. Come now, do tell me?

RACHEL. I don't know what to mention, particular. Sometimes I see things in the shops that I think I should like very much.

TEACHER. But if those are things that would not be suitable to your station, which I rather think is generally the case, they would not make you any happier, but quite the contrary; for they would only render you ridiculous. Don't you think so?

RACHEL. Unless I was a lady.

TEACHER. Well, but you are *not* a lady; but an industrious little girl; who is so happy as to have learned an honest trade, and so successful as to be furnished with constant employment: be assured, then, that there are few ladies more happily circumstanced than you are: and if you have sense and wisdom enough to believe this, and to be content with such things as you have, you are better off with this one pound note in your box, than most people are who can count their ten thousand

Rachel felt satisfied by this explanation; and she set off soon after, in good spirits, with her teacher; who was so kind as to offer to assist her in choosing the cloth for her new cloak.

XIV.

THE LITTLE BIOGRAPHERS.

It was the custom at Mrs. L.'s school, to spend an hour every evening in hearing some interesting book, which was read aloud by the young people alternately, while the hearers were employed at their needles. Mrs. L. herself usually made one of this happy party; and her questions or remarks on what was read rendered it doubly improving and agreeable to them. Having nearly finished a book which had occupied them some time, Mrs. L. announced that the following week they were to begin an interesting volume of Biography; containing, chiefly, the lives of children like themselves; or giving an account of the early life of persons who had afterwards become distinguished. After Mrs. L. had left them, a few of the elder girls assembling round the fire, began to talk about it: among other things, one of them said she wondered, if any body were to write *her* life, what sort of a

thing it would make; adding, that she had a great mind to do it herself. Her companions declared it was a good thought; and several of them agreed, that as the next day was a half-holyday, they would devote it to writing their own lives.

This scheme was put in execution accordingly; but, as they most of them found it a more difficult undertaking than they had expected, it would probably never have been heard of afterwards, if Mrs. L. had not happened to enter the school-room when they were thus employed; and upon learning what they were about, she requested a sight of the manuscripts. This, with some reluctance was complied with; when, having glanced at several of them, she desired to keep possession of them for a few days. Nothing more was heard of them, however, until the following Monday evening, when to their great surprise, Mrs. L. produced the promised volume of Biography, with their own manuscripts inserted here and there among the pages.

"Now," said she, "my intention is, that you shall read through this volume just as you see it; your own lives are to be read in turn with these memoirs: take your places, and we will begin." This arrangement occasioned some embarrassment among our young biographers; but they knew remonstrances would be vain. A few specimens of these manuscripts just as they were

written, will be given for the amusement of the reader, together with some extracts from the volume itself. The first life that was read in this collection was that of *Lady Jane Grey*, whose virtues and accomplishments are so justly celebrated. Her historian thus speaks of her early acquirements.

"She spoke and wrote her own language with peculiar accuracy, and the French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, were as natural to her as her own. She had also some knowledge of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; and all this while comparatively but a child. She had a sedateness of temper, a quickness of apprehension, and a solidity of judgment, that enabled her not only to become a mistress of languages, but of sciences also; so that she thought, spoke, and reasoned on subjects of the greatest importance, in a manner that excited general surprise. With these extraordinary endowments she had so much mildness, humility, and modesty, that she assumed no pride in consequence of her acquisitions."

When this life was concluded, the children unanimously petitioned Mrs. L. that none of theirs might be read that evening; but she would not yield to their entreaties, and desired the reader to proceed with the subjoined manuscript, which was as follows:

"Miss M. P. was the daughter of respectable parents, and was born at W——, in Middlesex; a

very pleasant town, with two churches and a bridge. When she was nine years old, she went to pay a visit to her cousins at Norwich, which she enjoyed very much, and staid half-a-year: she went in the mail coach. At twelve years of age she came to Mrs. L's school; at which time she was four feet nine inches high; a light complexion, eyes and hair the same. At school she has not, perhaps, made quite so much proficiency as could be wished. Her disposition ———— she was rather —— her natural temper —— as to her disposition ——"

Here this narrative broke off abruptly; the writer having declared, when she had proceeded thus far, that "she could not write hers at all."

The following evening they read the interesting life of *Frances Maria, of Rochebeaucour;* "the daughter of a poor tax-gatherer, in Switzerland; who was left an orphan at eleven years old, with a little infant brother to protect and maintain. Having nothing left her by her parents but a little cottage by the side of a wood, and some old furniture, they must have perished for want, but for the industry of Frances Maria. From the age of seven years she had been able to knit a pair of men's stockings in two days. These habits of employment were of great use to her in her poverty; she set herself to spinning, sewing, and knitting alternately; and thus provided for their necessities. A girl, at twelve years old, living

alone in a poor cottage, providing entirely for herself, and taking care of an infant brother as if he had been her child, was an affecting sight. Many mothers in the neighborhood brought their children to see, saying, 'Come and see a girl of twelve years old, who conducts herself like a woman, and passes her nights in providing for her little brother.' One day, in the midst of a severe winter, when the ground was covered with snow, a she-wolf, followed by five of her young, suddenly entered poor Maria's cottage, and sprung at her little brother: Maria could have saved her own life had she then fled; but, staying to rescue him, the savage animal sprung at her throat, and she was instantly strangled. Thus died Frances Maria, at the age of fifteen."

The manuscript life which followed this was then read.

"In a pleasant village, situated within 30 miles of the metropolis, in the year 1804, Caroline W——. It was in the year 1804, that Caroline W. in a pleasant village within 30 miles of the metropolis.—Caroline W. was born in the year 1804, in a pleasant village within thirty miles of the metropolis. She was the eldest of five children, whose names were Marianne, Esther, Susan, and George: being the eldest, though some people thought she was indulged on that account, yet, in her opinion, there were many respects in which she was the worst off. Children are so

troublesome; and she was often obliged to take care of the youngest. She has been much happier in this respect since she came to school; though there is a great deal to do here: and we have to rise very early these cold mornings. What will happen to her when she leaves school and is grown up, it is impossible at present to determine."

The next life in the volume was that of *Francis De Beauchateau;* a youth of learning and genius; of whom it is recorded, for the encouragement of others, "that he was very slow in learning; but that what he wanted in promptitude, he supplied by labor and constant application; and it was thus that he became learned almost in his cradle. In addition to more laborious studies, he displayed a turn for poetry, and his compositions were such, that it was scarcely believed they could be the work of a child. He also excelled in music: yet such was his modesty, that when in company, he would never put himself forward to converse with his elders, though well able to do so: but would rather play with children of his own age: yet if called upon to converse, or to exercise his musical or poetical talents, every one was equally delighted and surprised."

This life was succeeded by the following composition:

"Betsey B—— she was born (if the time we must fix)
In the year—in the year, eighteen hundred and six.

Her father's a lawyer, if that must be told;
And as for her mother, she 's too apt to scold:
Of daughters and sons they have plenty (no matter)
Though but three of the former and five of the latter.
Of Betsey, the youngest, now what shall we add?
Whose life must be published, the good and the bad.
She 's a droll little body, that 's fond of a joke;
Whether that to her praise or her blame may be spoke.
Sometimes she writes verses, which all can't attain;
Which if she rehearses, some folks call her vain.
She laughs more than any, but sure that may pass,
She learns less than any, alas! and alas!"

Next followed a sketch of the life of *Howard* the Philanthropist, whose character is too well known to need any extract here; we therefore pass immediately to that which was placed next to it.

"Biography is a very useful study; and it is in this view that the author of the following annals wishes to introduce to the public the subject of the ensuing lines. M. A. C. left the paternal roof at the early age of three years old, to live with her aunt in Berkshire. After that—nothing particular occurred after that, till she came to reside at Mrs. L——'s school, where she has been two years and a half; and nothing very particular having happened here, she has nothing to add of material consequence. *Finis.*"

The following evening they read the life of *Thomas Garratt*, who died at the age of thirteen.

Accounting for his remarkable attainments, the biographer thus speaks: "By the force of his own genius, by the exclusion of temptations to indolence, by habits of early rising, by a frequent interchange of employment, and by strict adherence to regularity of plan, so much was accomplished." After enumerating a long list of his extraordinary acquirements, it is said, that the relaxations which he chose for himself, were general reading, and rational conversation; these were his amusements.

Then came the following manuscript.

"I am an only child, and my mamma was always very fond of me, only she would send me to school. When I went home last vacation, grandmamma made me a present of a real diamond ring; but Mrs. L—— does not like me to wear it. I hope I shall go and see grand-mamma again next Christmas. I am ten years old. I am learning music, and French, and geography, and to net purses; the latter of which I like pretty well: this is all I can think of."

The next evening was occupied by some account of the early piety, and subsequent religious attainments of *Madame Guion*. The manuscript which succeeded was as follows.

"M. N. had the happiness to possess very kind and pious parents. She enjoyed so many advantages under their care, that it was surprising she did not profit more by them. There were many

faults in her temper, which they endeavored to subdue; and it is hoped that her own efforts added to their kind admonitions will, in some degree, prove successful. They took great pains, especially, to impress her mind with religion; and though she has been often very thoughtless, and has broken many resolutions, yet I hope—yet it is hoped, the impression will never wear off. Her kind parents sent her to Mrs. L——'s school at the age of eleven; wishing her to attain every kind of knowledge that might be useful to her. Here she had great advantages, which were not improved as they might have been. However, she did take some pleasure in her pursuits; and sometimes felt a glow of delight to think, that as others of whom she had read, made great proficiency with fewer opportunities, that she also might, by diligence, do the same. It was a great encouragement to her to recollect, that it is industry, rather than genius, that is oftenest crowned with success. M. N. thought she should never forget the kindness of her governess; and that she should always cherish an affectionate remembrance of her school-fellows."

It will readily be believed, that this last little history was heard with a smile of affectionate approbation by Mrs. L——. When they had arrived at the conclusion of the manuscripts, she spoke to the young people to this effect.

"My dear girls, I would gladly have spared

you any pain you may have felt from this contrast of your own characters and attainments with those of others, if I had not hoped some good might result from it. You have *felt* the contrast, some of you have, I am sure. I wished you to do so; but not for your discouragement; far otherwise. Happily it is not the *whole* of your lives that these little histories comprehend. It is not, then, too late for any of you to become excellent; —to become as superior to what you now are, as these individuals were to the generality of those around them. It is not yet too late for you to excel in any useful attainment: there is no proud spirit, or evil temper but may yet be subdued; no bad habit but may be conquered; no good one but may be acquired. That your talents, or even your virtues, should become celebrated, is indeed neither probable nor desirable; but that you may, each in your separate spheres, attain to moral, and even to mental superiority, is not only very desirable, but very probable, I might almost say, *certain*, if you so determine;—if you exert energy of mind, and resolve that it *shall be so;* and if you humbly, but diligently persevere in the right means. Come," said she, returning the papers to their respective writers, "you may now destroy these histories if you please; determining that they shall no longer be applicable to yourselves; and resolving henceforward so to act that your characters may supply records, at which you

need not blush at a future day. It may be useful to you to bear in mind this idea; and to inquire, from time to time, if you are pursuing that course, which would be likely to furnish *good* materials to your biographer."

XV.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells,
When wild Astrology's distorted eye
Shunned the fair field of true philosophy,
And wandering through the depths of mental night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light:—
When curious Alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things that Science laughs at now,
Losing the useful purpose she consults,
In vain chimeras and unknown results:—
In those gray times there lived a reverend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.
A monk he was, immured in cloistered walls,
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls.
'T was a profound seclusion that he chose;
The noisy world disturbed not that repose:
The flow of murmuring waters, day by day,
And whistling winds that forced their tardy way
Through reverend trees, of ages growth that made,

Around the holy pile a deep monastic shade;
The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer—
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

* * * * * * *

'T was here, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain:
But whether by magic or alchymy's powers,
We know not, indeed 't is no business of ours:
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 't was projected; but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure unless energy fails;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales.*

What were they?—you ask: you shall presently see
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense:
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;

When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms houses, amply endowed,
By a well-esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;—
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

Again, he performed an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's unerystallized tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellor's wigs full of powder and curl,

All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense;—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'t was the "pearl of great price."

At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate;
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof;
Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales:*
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put:
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam:
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

XVI.

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

HAVING announced in the title what sort of company may be expected, our readers, we hope, will prepare themselves with their best bows and most courteous behavior. Perhaps they may imagine they already hear the rattling of wheels, the trampling of horses, and then the thundering rap that bespeaks high company. Whether they will be disappointed or otherwise, will depend upon their respective tastes and habits, when we beg leave to introduce little *Betsey Bond*, daughter of John Bond, the journeyman carpenter. The truth is, that until her present introduction to the readers of the Youth's Magazine, she, like Cowper's lace-maker,

"Had ne'er been heard of half a mile from home."

So that it behoves us to give our reasons for denominating this poor child, who is but just turned of twelve years old, *a person of consequence.*

Now if our readers could but take a walk into a neighboring village, and enter the cottage where Betsey lives;—if they could only know how much she had been missed, and how often she had been wanted, only during her present absence from home, the thing would explain itself.

Those persons are of most *consequence* in the world, who would be most missed if they were out of it. By *missed*, it is not merely meant that the places and persons that now know them would then know them no more; for this meaning would apply to the most insignificant or the most troublesome people that breathe; but by *missed* we understand that their place in society, whether it be high or low, large or small, is not likely to be so well filled up. Now, according to this explanation, how many persons of consequence there are, who are, really, of no *consequence at all!*

Betsey's parents are but poor people; they have a large family, and her mother has an ill state of health.—In order to make a little addition to her husband's earnings, she exhibits in her cottage window a few articles for sale:—such as, a scanty assortment of tea, tobacco, and snuff; papers of pins, shoestrings, and gingerbread; twopenny loaves, brass thimbles, and suckers; earthenware, buttonmoulds, and red-herrings. Now with this concern, bad health, and *always* a baby in arms, "what she should do," as she says, "if it was not for her Betsey, she can't tell, nor nobody else. There are five little boys, of no use in the world, that have to be looked to; and there 's the baby! and there 's the shop! so that, if it was n't for Betsey!"———why Betsey is up by times in the morning, long before her mother is stirring; lights the fire, sweeps the

house; washes and dresses her little brothers, gives them their breakfasts, and gets them ready to go off to school; and all this by the time her mother comes down stairs: and what a comfort it is to her, to see all this done for her, so poorly as she is of a morning! Then nobody knows but they that see it, what a good hand Betsey is for minding the shop. Though she is always busy at her needle, or washing, or ironing, or something of the kind, yet the moment the bell rings, there she is behind the counter, with a smiling face, and a civil word for every body: yes, and just as civil to a child that only comes for a farthing sucker, as to a customer who wants two ounces of green tea. Who is it that mends John Bond's shirts so neatly; and that runs his stockings at the heel, so that they last as long again? O, why it is his daughter Betsey. And who is it that waits on her mother when she is ill, like an old nurse;—or rather *unlike* an old nurse?—this too, is Betsey. So that we may fairly appeal to our readers, whether, according to the strictest sense of the word, little Betsey Bond is not a person of *consequence*.

To render this more apparent, let us for a moment bring forward another visiter. But do let us allow poor Betsey to make her escape first; for she would color down to her fingers' ends to be detained before such grand company. Go then Betsey; run home to your mother as fast as you

can; for she wants you sadly, and is wondering "what in the world she shall do if you don't come home presently."

And now, although the young lady we are about to introduce is well dressed, well behaved, and very respectable in her connexions; we must (adhering to the definition that has been given of the term) announce her as a person of *no* consequence. It will be proper however to remark, that nothing could have surprised this young person much more than to have heard herself so described: because it was the earliest, and is still the uppermost idea in her mind, that she *is* somebody of *consequence*. So that her astonishment at such a designation could only be exceeded by that of little Betsey Bond if she had overheard our introduction of her. It was a fundamental fault in the education of this little lady, that the first feelings of self-importance, instead of being checked, were cherished by the ill-directed fondness of her parents. Therefore we ought to pity her mistake. And now, they themselves suffer most severely from the effects of it. There is nothing that we can discover in the person, manners, or education of this girl, to distinguish her, particularly, from thousands and tens of thousands of her age and class in society. In all these respects she may pass very well; but how is it, that with nothing more to boast than is common to others, she feels of so much *consequence*?

But we have yet to substantiate our charge: although indeed, in the view of the more discerning reader: this is already done. To say that a person is *consequential* is much the same thing as saying they are not of much consequence. But, more particularly, we have called this young lady of no *consequence*, because all she ever appears to aim at is to serve and to please *herself*. She has been tolerably attentive to the various branches of her education: she has some activity and cleverness in common things: she has a good taste in dress, and in other similar affairs: you may see her for hours at her instrument, or at her drawing book, or at her needle, and might think her very industrious: but alas, alas! all this is to please *herself*. Her station in life does not indeed require that she should do such things exactly as Betsey Bond does: yet there are many little services she might render to her father and mother, to her brothers, and friends, and neighbors, which would not only endear her to them, but would render her a person of *consequence* amongst them: for activity and good-nature are of great consequence in every house: but she never thinks of any thing of that kind. Her thoughts, her time, her cleverness, her industry, all, all, are made to serve one person only, and that person is, *herself*. If you see her ever so busily at work, you may be sure that she is making something that she thinks will look well on *herself*. If you meet her running up stairs, or

down stairs, or going on an errand, you may depend upon it it is to get something for *herself*. And as she thinks so much of herself, all this is no wonder, because any one of so much importance must needs require as much waiting on. But surely people may be pronounced to be of no *consequence* when no other human being is the better for them. If little *Betsey Bond* were to die, her poor mother would almost break her heart: her brothers and sisters would miss her every day of their lives: there is not a neighbor all round but would lament her: indeed there is not one person in twenty but could be better spared. But as for this young lady, although if she were to die, her parents, from the force of natural affection, would doubtless feel afflicted, yet even they would never be reminded of her by any little affectionate attentions which they would then miss. Her brothers and her young friends might be sorry for *her;* but they would lose nothing and miss nothing themselves. And alas! there are no poor neighbors of hers who would be any the worse off if this young lady were never to be heard of more. Now then, we again appeal to our readers (begging them to be guided by their good sense, and not to be biassed by external appearances, or common modes of judging) and inquire, which of these girls is the person of *consequence*?

Self-importance is a feeling very common to

young people; ridiculous as it is in every body, and especially so in them. Even where it has not been fostered by the weak partiality of parents, and by the flattery of foolish friends, it is but too apt to insinuate itself into the heart of a child; in which, as Solomon says, "folly is bound up." There are, indeed, many circumstances connected with youth which tend to cherish it. The pains that are bestowed upon their education—the kind attentions which benevolent people frequently pay to the young—the notice they attract merely because they are young, may be easily misinterpreted by juvenile vanity, as though there was something particular in *them*, in distinction from other young people, to excite all this, and to render so much pains and cost desirable. Now although this proceeds chiefly from ignorance and inexperience, yet it is always a disgusting fault; and those young persons who are possessed of natural good sense, will soon detect and discard it. They, on the contrary, who are weak and vain, and who have not the advantage of a judicious education, will most probably be so unfortunate as to remain in their mistake all their lives. Some such individuals are to be found in every neighborhood: self-important, consequential, officious persons; who are smiled at by the wise, and laughed at by the witty.

This is no uncommon fault in these busy times.

But the officiousness of such persons generally gives more trouble than their services compensate. It is those who act *quietly*, who make little noise and no pretence, who do most good—perhaps all the *real* good that is done in the world. Now, as it is a far pleasanter thing to correct this fault for ourselves than to wait till other people do it for us, it would be well for every one who may be conscious of such an infirmity, to recollect, as before hinted, that it is a feeling which persons of *real* consequence never indulge.

Let young persons, then, put some such questions as these to themselves. Do I think myself a person of consequence? if so, on what grounds?—who is the *better* for me? if I were away, who would miss my services? would my parents lose many dutiful and affectionate attentions? would my brothers and sisters lose a kind, and accommodating, and self-denying companion? would my friends or poor neighbors be any the worse off for my removal? would one and another have to say, "Ah! if she were but here, she would have done this or that for us?" But if conscience assures us that in no such ways as these we should be missed or regretted, then, whatever our station, whatever our external advantages, whatever our opinion of ourselves may hitherto have been, we may be assured that we have not, at present, any just grounds of self-complacency: and if we are discontented with

this conclusion, let us go and learn of *Betsey Bond* how to make ourselves *persons of consequence.*

XVII.

MIRTH AND CHEERFULNESS.

Little Marianne returned from school one afternoon, in high spirits: one of her favorite companions accompanied her; and hastening into the garden, they had a fine game of play on the grassplot. When they were both in such a heat and so much tired that they knew not how to keep it up any longer, they left off, by mutual consent. Her friend then left her, while Marianne went into the parlor, threw herself into a chair, took off her hat and fanned herself with it. Now and then she smiled, and once laughed out, at the recollection of some droll occurrences in their play; after sitting thus nearly half an hour, she began to grow sleepy, and at length actually nodded. She would now probably have had a long nap, if it had not been that with one nod her head dropped so far as to wake her thoroughly: she then rose up and walked languidly to the window. It was very fine when Marianne left the garden, but it had suddenly clouded over, and by this time had begun to rain.

"What a dismal evening!" exclaimed she, in a drowsy voice, "how dull it is!" then placing both her elbows on the window, and leaning her head on her hands, she stood for another half hour in that position; watching the rain, as it splashed on the flag stones in the street, or tracing the drops that slowly chased each other down the long panes of glass. At length she heaved a deep sigh, and, after a short interval, another, which terminated in a dismal yawn, and "O dear! O dear!"

"My dear Marianne, what is the matter with you?" said her mamma.

MARIANNE. Nothing mamma, nothing particular.

MOTHER. *Nothing* particular, I often find, means *something* particular.

MARIANNE. No, but I assure you, mamma, it was nothing at all.

MOTHER. Then pray, my love, do not gape and groan, and say "O dear," for nothing at all.

Here followed a long silence, which was at length broken by another deep sigh.

MOTHER. What is the matter, now, Marianne?

MARIANNE. Nothing particular, mamma.

MOTHER. Nay, do not give me that foolish answer again: come now, I must know what makes you so uncomfortable this afternoon.

MARIANNE. Nothing, mamma, only that it is so dull and dismal, and I'm tired, and I've got no-

thing to play with, and nothing to do, and I'm so dull!

MOTHER. Nothing to play with, and nothing to do! that is sad indeed: are you sure, my dear, that you have nothing to do?

MARIANNE. Nothing particular, that I know of.

MOTHER. Then I am sure it will be a kindness to find you a job: see here is some cotton that I want to have wound; and as I have a great deal to do, I think it will be a mutual accommodation. Go and fetch the reel, this will be a nice job for you.

Marianne slowly and reluctantly moved her elbows from their station, though they ached with leaning on them so long; and as she went to fetch the reel she thought she had rather have stood there still, looking at the muddy street, than do this job for her mamma. However, when she had found it, and had placed the cotton upon it, and when she began to wind the cotton she found herself rather agreeably disappointed. There seemed that desirable medium between work and play in this employment, that exactly suited a person who was rather lazy, and yet tired of doing nothing. The reel moved round nimbly; candles came in; Marianne's spirits revived, the invariable consequence of which was, that she began to talk.

"Ah! that is right," said she, "I am glad the candles are come; now one can see what one is

about. I wonder how large this ball of cotton will be when it's all wound; pretty large I fancy. No, no, Mrs. Puss, this is not for you, I can promise you; *s cat! s cat!* One, two, three, four, five, six;—I do think this reel must go round twenty times in a minute. There now, here 's a knot; how tiresome! that 's the worst of winding cotton; so you won't come, won't you? then you must break, that 's all. There, now we shall go on again. One, two, three, four: O, I shall have done this job in a minute."

MOTHER. So, you have found your tongue again, Marianne.

MARIANNE. O yes mamma, no fear of that.

MOTHER. Now then, perhaps you can tell me what was the matter just now when you were groaning so dismally.

MARIANNE. O really, mamma, there was nothing the matter; only one is miserable sometimes, you know; I often am: but then I soon grow cheerful again; that is one comfort.

MOTHER. Stay; I think you have used the wrong word; you mean that you soon get *merry* again.

MARIANNE. Well it 's all the same.

MOTHER. All the same! O no, very different indeed. The most wicked and miserable persons in the world may sometimes be merry; but it is impossible they should ever be cheerful: cheerfulness you know implies an easy, contented,

serene mind. Mirth is only excited by some temporary amusement; and this may happen when the heart is aching, and the conscience stinging all the time. A cheerful mind and a guilty conscience can never exist together. Now, although there is no objection to a little girl like you, being merry now and then, yet, it is very requisite that you should not only learn to distinguish between words of such different meanings, but that now, while you are young, you should cultivate those habits and tempers with which *cheerfulness* will grow; that you may *feel* the difference as well as know it. If this had been done already, Marianne, you would have escaped that fit of melancholy this afternoon, and many a one before it.

MARIANNE. As to that, I fancy every body is in a mopish mood now and then, when they are dull, and when it rains.

MOTHER. Really, Marianne, we should be badly off in this climate, if we must always be dull when it rains. To be sure, if every body was obliged to stand still at their windows, and watch the drops as they fall, it would be no wonder if it were so.

MARIANNE. Well mamma, it was only because just then I had nothing else to do.

MOTHER. That, I grant you, is a reason—the best reason, Marianne, that you have yet given me for being miserable. But this was your own

fault; there is no one, young or old, but may find something to do if they please.

MARIANNE. No really; just then there was nothing in the world that I could think of to do, that I liked.

MOTHER. That you liked? O, that was it. Now then I believe we shall arrive at the true cause of this fit of melancholy; you were *idle*: Now I perfectly understand what it was that made you say "O dear, O dear," and gape and groan: yes, indeed, it is a miserable thing to be idle. Indolent people may often have a fit of mirth, or a good game of play, but their mirth is sure to subside into dulness, they can never know what it is to be *cheerful*.

MARIANNE. But indeed, mamma, I don't think it was being idle that made me miserable then; it was because I felt so miserable that I did not like to do any thing.

MOTHER. I think you mistake there: suppose now, when you first came in from play you had thought of winding this cotton for me; and suppose by a little effort you had overcome the inclination you felt to sit still, and had actually done it; do you think you would then have felt so dull and dismal as you did standing still for three-quarters of an hour at the window?

MARIANNE. No, because then I should not have had time to see the bad weather, and to think how dull it was.

MOTHER. So I thought: it is thus that regular employment keeps off those capricious fits of melancholy to which the indolent are always liable. When useful and industrious people are unhappy they can always tell you the reason; but the idle are very often so, when, as you said, nothing at all is the matter.

MARIANNE. Well, I should very much like to be cheerful always.

MOTHER. It is a desirable thing, indeed, my dear! but then you must see that you lay a good foundation for cheerfulness: and this can be formed only by habits of industry; by good tempers; in one word, by a peaceful conscience. While you are a child, the difference between *high* spirits and *good* spirits—between *mirth* and *cheerfulness* is not so apparent: but by and by, when you will no longer feel inclined to be merry, you must either be habitually cheerful or habitually dull. Cheerfulness differs essentially from mirth, in its being a lasting companion, one that does not forsake us even in old age. It endures through life; bears persons up under its calamities and crosses; and when genuine, shines brightest as we descend into the vale of years. "In laughter there is sorrow; and the end of mirth is often heaviness;" but Christian cheerfulness has no such alloy.

XVIII.

"I CAN DO WITHOUT IT."

THIS is one of the best mottos in the world, or one of the worst, according to the meaning attached to it: which will appear from the conduct of two young people who were acquainted with each other; each of whom happened to take the above sentence into frequent use. Eliza disliked and ridiculed the manner in which it was applied by Ruth: and Ruth could not but disapprove of the way in which it was used by Eliza. The purpose to which Ruth appropriated the words, and the way in which she came to adopt them as her motto, shall be explained in the present paper.

Her parents were persons of superior education, but their income was limited and narrow; so that they were compelled by their circumstances, as well as inclined by their good sense, to study economy. Ruth entered into the prudent and sensible views of her parents at an early age; and her general conduct gave them so much satisfaction, that on the day she was fourteen, her mother informed her that from that time she should be intrusted with the purchase and entire management of her own dress; and that her annual allowance would be increased accordingly. The sum now allotted to her was such as her

mother considered sufficient, with prudence and management, to meet all her real wants and reasonable wishes.

When Ruth received her first quarterage, the possession of a sum of money so much larger than she had ever been mistress of before, made her feel a little giddy. However, she deposited it safely in her desk, resolving not to touch it till it was really wanted. Economy, her mother told her, did not consist in grudging to supply our wants, but in restraining the desires for superfluities. Not many days after she had entered upon this new responsibility, Ruth accompanied her father and mother to a neighboring market town, where they frequently went to make purchases, as they lived in the country. She had often been with them on former occasions; but it was with sensations entirely new that she now walked through the busy streets of this town, and passed its long rows of well-furnished shops. Heretofore she had surveyed the various tempting articles they exhibited merely as an amusing *spectacle:* and with no more idea of *possessing* any of them than one has of purchasing the curiosities of a museum. But now circumstances were altered. Here were things, and pretty things too, that she might have if she *pleased.* And this thought, notwithstanding Ruth's prudent temper and good resolutions, presented itself to her mind temptingly.

The first thing that struck her as a *real desideratum* was a steel purse, of which she saw several, glittering in a jeweller's window. There were also silver ones, but of these she did not allow herself to think. A new purse, now that she had so much more to do with money, appeared very suitable for a first purchase.

"Mamma," said she, touching her mother's elbow, "would you stop one minute? I think I should like one of those purses." Her mother, who was aware that this day's excursion would prove rather trying to her daughter's prudence, replied, "Yes, I will stop a minute; but we will wait *here*, that you may have time to consider, before you go in, whether you *want* a new purse." "To be sure," said Ruth, after a moment's thought, "I have my old silk one; but then——ah well, *I can do without it*," she added; and without giving another look at the shop window, she hastened on.

"Now," said her mother, "you have saved five or six shillings by that moment's consideration."

At this time beaver hats, trimmed with satin, were much worn. There was a capital hatter's in the town: where two large bow windows, furnished with every variety of shade and shape, to suit all fancies, caught the eye of the fair passenger: some loaded with nodding plumes, others with most becoming pink satin linings, and trim-

ribbons to match; and some with broad embossed bands, and dangling tassels.

"Mamma," said Ruth again, as they passed this shop, "would you stop one minute? don't you think a beaver hat would be very warm and comfortable for me this winter? and besides, how it would save my straw! This is a very pretty one, is it not?—just my size I should think:—shall we go in and inquire the price?"

"If you wish it, we will," replied her mother; so they entered the shop; where a genteelly dressed lady was then in the act of purchasing one of the very same shape. Ruth seeing this, jogged her mother, that she might notice such a sanction to her own choice. They now inquired the price of the article in question.

"That hat, ladies, is one guinea, only," said the shopkeeper.

Ruth darted an inquiring look at her mother, to know whether she thought it cheap or dear.

"You recollect your straw hat, I suppose, my dear," said her mother. "Straws, ma'am," interrupted the shopkeeper, are now considered *uncommonly common*;—quite *out*, in fact. We have a surprising demand for beavers at the present time; our manufacturer assures me he cannot get them made up fast enough."

Ruth's respect for *beavers* and contempt of *straws* were wonderfully heightened by this speech.

"Allow me, ma'am," continued he, "to re-

commend the young lady to try it on." Ruth knowing this would be a hazardous experiment, again looked at her mother; she then reflected a moment; (which it must be confessed is a difficult thing to do *dispassionately* in a room full of hats and bonnets) and then whispered to her mother, "I wish we had not come in, for after all *I could do without it.*" "I am very sorry we have given you any trouble, sir," said her mother to the shopkeeper, "I believe we shall not purchase one this morning."

The shopkeeper bowed coldly; and whether he or Ruth felt most disappointed it would be hard to determine.

Soon afterwards her mother had occasion to go to the stationer's. This shop displayed a great variety of articles of different sorts and value, from toys to telescopes. After looking about for some time, Ruth said to her mother, "I am very glad I did not buy a beaver hat, how much better it would be to have something that would *last!* see, are not these pretty?" added she, pointing to some small plated inkstands, "they are only fifteen shillings, I find." Her mother smiled. "Ah, you are thinking of my writing desk: very true; I can certainly *do without it,*" continued Ruth; and with this consideration she got safely out of the shop.

Her mother had now finished her business in the town: but as they were returning to the inn,

a pastry cook's window reminded Ruth of a new want. "Mamma," said she, "are not you hungry? I am very; had not we better go in and have something?"

"I thought you brought some biscuits in your basket," said her mother; "True, so I did," said Ruth, "so *we can do without it.*"

When they reached the inn, the chaise not being ready, Ruth's mother drew out her pencil, and wrote something on the back of a bill; which she then handed to her daughter, saying, "See my dear, if I have cast this up right." Ruth took the paper, and read the following account.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
A steel purse	0	5	6
Beaver hat	1	1	0
Plated inkstand	0	15	0
Sundry tarts	0	0	10
Total, saved by *doing without it*,	£2	2	4

Ruth smiled, and said, "Yes, mamma, it is quite right; and if it had not been for you I should have been *quite wrong.*" "Nay, Ruth," replied her mother, "I must give you some credit this morning, for having yielded so easily to my suggestion: prudence does not consist in not being tempted, but in not *yielding* to temptation. Yes, you have saved at least *2l. 2s. 4d.* this morning by the timely use of those few simple

words; and I think they would form an excellent motto for you, now that you are entrusted with the disposal of money." "Yes," said Ruth, quite delighted, "*I can do without it*: this shall be my motto; I will write it on the lid of my money box; it is an excellent motto, mamma."

When Ruth returned home, she was pleased to think not only that she had saved her money, but that not one of the articles she had wished for was really wanted. She now congratulated herself that, to the mere pleasure of novelty, which would have lasted but a few hours, she had not sacrificed a sum which would, by and by, purchase things that she would really want, and that she *could not* do without. Unnecessary expenses always rob either ourselves or others: we either deprive ourselves of something essential to our comfort afterwards; or defraud the poor and destitute of their just claims. *Economy* and *liberality* go hand in hand.

Ruth found, during many future years, that the motto thus early adopted, was of excellent use as a check upon her expenditure: indeed it led her to form habits of self-denial which were of essential importance to her during life. She was always dressed with a graceful simplicity, far more pleasing to persons of good sense and good taste than a more studied style; and thus, by purchasing only such things as she could not with comfort and propriety do without, she had always a

little overplus with which to relieve her poor neighbors, and for other useful purposes. "Ah," said she to her mother, as she was making up a flannel gown for an old *goody* who was '*sadly bad of the rheumatize*,' "poor Betty Brown would have been obliged *to do without this*, if I had not sometimes recollected *I can do without it*."

There is no danger of economy degenerating into covetousness, when what is saved from our needless gratification is devoted to the real wants of others.

"If I had not remembered my motto," thought she, on another occasion, "when the man called yesterday with his box of lace, I should not have had three and six pence to spare for this Bible today. And O, how much better I can do without a piece of lace to my frock, than my poor neighbor can do without a *Bible!*"

How many a superfluous article of dress, how many a trifle that wearies or disgusts almost as soon as possessed—how many a needless and injurious dainty to please the palate would be dispensed with, and how many more of the destitute might be relieved, if persons would but recollect, and recollect in *time*, Ruth's excellent motto—"*I can do without it.*"

XIX.

"I CAN DO WITHOUT IT."

THIS, we remarked, was one of the best mottos in the world, or one of the worst. Its excellence has appeared in the use made of it by Ruth, the economist: we shall now, according to promise, proceed to show it in its opposite appropriation. This sentence, with some variations, though not professedly adopted as a motto, was frequently employed by Eliza, by way of excuse for the negligence to which the indolence of her disposition continually inclined her. She disliked, beyond every thing, that patient care which is essential to success; which is requisite in order to do any thing properly; and which experience proves to be the best, and, in the end, the shortest way in all the concerns of life.

This temper manifested itself in Eliza at an early age:—Suppose, for example, she was writing an exercise with a bad pen that spirted, or blotted, or scratched like a pin;—rather than take the trouble of mending it, she would say to herself, *It will do without it*, or *I can manage without;* and thus her writing was rarely fit to be seen.

In like manner, if a slide broke in her frock, or if the string came out of her shoe, instead of

replacing them immediately, she would exclaim, "How provoking! there 's that tiresome slide gone!" adding "ah, well, *I can do without it*," and then she would beg somebody to pin it for her—a most untidy thing certainly:—or she would go half a day slip-shod for want of a shoestring. It was just the same if a stich came undone in any part of her dress, or if she had torn a small rent in her frock; instead of recollecting that true saying—"a stich in time saves nine," she would let it go, upon the strength of her favorite saying, till it became a long job to mend it: so that her mother used often to declare that she had more trouble with Eliza's clothes in one month, than Ruth's mamma had with her's in a whole year; and no wonder.

Eliza met with such frequent instances of the mischievous tendency of her favorite excuse, that one would have thought she might have been induced to discard it. Scarcely a day passed but she, or those around her, suffered more or less from it. Not to mention such misfortunes as the frequent falls and bruises which occurred from loose shoestrings, and the like.

One time she sustained a considerable loss for want of replacing a button to her pocket. She found it was come off one morning; and saying, as usual, *I can do without it*, she substituted a pin. —*Pins*, though very useful things in their way, are certainly made most use of by lazy, untidy

people. Things went thus for two or three days: but at last, as she was returning from a long walk, upon feeling for her handkerchief, she discovered that the pocket with all its contents had escaped. Eliza felt this loss considerably; for besides her thimble, a silver knife, a pencil case, and a purse with seven and sixpence in it, her pocket that day unfortunately contained a beautiful coral necklace which had lately been made her a present of. A very improper place for a necklace, it will be said; very true: but the case was this:—Eliza, being fond of ornaments, came down that day, prepared for her walk, with this necklace slipped over her tippet. To this her mother very properly objected, as having a tawdry and ungenteel appearance, and desired her to take it off. Eliza complied reluctantly; but instead of replacing it safely up stairs, she indolently slipped it into her pocket, and thus lost it, as related above. Another time, one of her bonnet-strings coming unstitched, she fastened it on, as usual, with a pin, and going out with it in this state, it came undone when she was walking by the river side: the wind being high, it blew her bonnet off into the water, and there she saw it sailing irrecoverably down the river, like a swan. One day her mother gave her a small phial containing an acid for taking out ink spots, and other stains; and desired her to write a label for it.—"Dear!" said Eliza, when her mother was out of

hearing "*it will do just as well without it;*" so she left it as it was. Soon after, her mother feeling unwell, desired Eliza to give her a few drops of salvolatile.—She went carelessly to find the phial, and snatching up this in mistake, gave her mother a dose of the poisonous fluid. Being aware of her daughter's careless habits, she fortunately tasted a little before taking the whole, and so discovered the mistake. Thus it was that indolent habits, sanctioned by a foolish saying, endangered even the life of her mother. Eliza felt these things; but she considered them as accidents and *misfortunes*, not as the natural consequences of her faults, so that they made no useful impression upon her.

It too often happened that she varied her motto by the alternate use of all the personal pronouns. *He, she, they*, or *you, can do without it*, was as commonly heard as *it*. This was usually the case when any little service was required of her by those around; in which case, the struggle between her inactive habits and a sense of duty was quickly decided by the use of this unfriendly sentence. Her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, as well as her neighbors, missed many a kind service by this means.

It must also be observed, that Eliza rarely applied these words to *herself* in the way of restraint. When there was any thing that *she* wished for, it was seldom indeed that she said, *I can*

do without it; for, to exercise self denial, requires an effort of mind much more painful to the indolent than any bodily exertion. Eliza accordingly *treated herself* with every thing she liked that she could by any means get the money to purchase; at the same time laughing at the frugal habits of her friend Ruth; and often prophesying that she would die a miser.

The inactivity and carelessness of Eliza's disposition extended to every thing in which she was called to engage, and lamentably retarded the progress of her education. Her father and mother were anxious to furnish her with every useful acquirement in their power, with a view to her future respectability, usefulness and independence. But to Eliza the acquisition of knowledge, of whatever kind, was extremely irksome. Nothing is to be attained without trouble; and trouble was the thing she could not endure. Whatever was proposed to her as a desirable study, she used to think, if not to say, that *she could do without it.* Therefore, notwithstanding the cost and pains that were bestowed upon her, she grew up ill informed and unfurnished. Even reading was a toil which she thought she could *do as well without*, unless a book happened to be merely entertaining.

It will not be imagined that a person so slothful in business should be "fervent in spirit," or active in "serving the Lord." The concerns of the soul, indeed, are the first to suffer from an indo-

lent temper. If "the kingdom of heaven must suffer violence, and if even the violent can only take it by force," how shall the feeble and languid efforts of indolence prevail? Alas, religion was one of the things that poor Eliza was contented *to do without*. In spite of a pious education, and occasional impressions, she too often excused her neglect of prayer, and other means of grace, by the secret application of her favorite sentence.

At length a time arrived, long anticipated by her parents, when their circumstances rendered it necessary that Eliza should do something for her own maintenance; and now, notwithstanding all the pains that had been bestowed upon her education, the utmost that could be said of her, in an advertisement drawn up by her disappointed father, was to this effect.—

"Wants a situation as governess to the younger children in a private family, or as under teacher in a school, a young person of respectable connexions who is qualified to teach the rudiments of English grammar; to superintend plain work, or to make herself useful in any way that may be required."

How different an account would have been given of Eliza's qualifications, and in how different a sphere might she have moved, if she had not so often thought and said of this attainment, and of that pursuit, *I can do without it!*

In these humbling circumstances, she amused herself with fruitless wishes for a *fortune*, in order that she might not be obliged to exert herself; not considering that the same inactive temper which makes a poor person helpless and dependent, renders the rich discontented and miserable.

We cannot stay to detail the subsequent misfortunes of Eliza. It is sufficient to say that a time arrived when she had some practical experience of the virtues of her motto, in a way little desired. Instead of saying, as formerly, *I can do without it*, she was compelled very often to say—*I must do* without; and that, not in reference to the luxuries of life, but to some of its most essential wants. How much better it is to say—*I can do* without it, of a superfluity, than to say—*I must do* without it, of a comfort! Let those who would avoid all danger of the latter, early enter into the spirit of the former; and let them learn nicely to distinguish between those things which, without any *real* privation *may be done without*, and those which cannot be neglected but by the sacrifice of respectability, usefulness, and happiness.

XX.

THE SORE TONGUE.

THERE was a little girl called Fanny, who had the misfortune one day to bite her tongue as she was eating her breakfast. It hurt her so much that she could scarcely help crying; and even when the first smart was over it continued so sore that whenever she spoke it pained her considerably. Finding this to be the case, she said very pitifully to her mother, "Mamma, you can't think how it hurts me when I speak!" "Does it?" replied her mother, "then I 'll tell you what I would advise you to do;—resolve all this day to say nothing but what is either *necessary* or *useful*; this will give your tongue a fine holyday, and may answer more purposes than one.

Fanny, knowing that she had the character of being somewhat loquacious, could not help laughing at this; and said, "Well, I will try for once; so, mum; I am going to begin now, mamma."

MOTHER. Do so; and whenever you are beginning to speak, be sure you ask yourself whether what you were going to say was likely to be of any use, or whether it was necessary.

FANNY. Yes, yes, I will: but don't talk to me, mamma, for fear:—so saying, she screwed up her lips, and taking her work, sat for about five minutes as still as a mouse. She then looked up,

smiled, and nodded at her mother, as much as to say "see how well I can hold my tongue," still screwing her lips very tight for fear she should speak. Soon however she began to feel a great inclination to say something; and was glad to recollect that if she could but think of any thing either useful or necessary, she might speak. Whereupon she endeavored to find something to say that would come *within the act.* To aid her invention, she looked all round the room:—

FANNY. Mamma, don't you think the fire wants stirring? (This question, she thought, savored of both qualifications.)

MOTHER. Not at present, my dear.

Then followed another long silence: for Fanny found it vastly more difficult than she had any previous idea of, to think of any thing useful to talk about; and she knew her mamma would laugh at her if she said what was obviously idle or silly, just now. She was beginning to repent having made such an agreement, when her three elder sisters entered the room. She now thought it quite reasonable, if not absolutely *necessary*, to tell them of her misfortune, which she did at considerable length, and with many needless digressions; (the usual custom with great talkers) upon which they all laughed; prophesying that her resolution would not last half an hour; and rallying her for telling such a long story with a sore tongue.

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FANNY. Yes, yes, I will: but don't talk to me, mamma, for fear:—so saying, she screwed up her lips, and taking her work, sat for about five minutes as still as a mouse. She then looked up,

"I wonder who they are expecting to day!" said Eliza, "dinner company, I suppose."

The proceedings of their neighbors, the Jones's, continued to furnish matter for various sagacious conjectures and remarks for a considerable time; at length Caroline exclaimed with the eagerness of discovery—

"Look! look! there 's the baker now at the door, with a whole tray full of tarts and things: make haste, or he 'll be gone in."

Lucy. So he is, I declare; it *is* a dinner-party then: well, we shall see presently, I hope, who are coming.

Caroline. O no, they never dine till five, when they have company.

Eliza. And it will be dark then; how tiresome!

Lucy. If Miss Jones is not dressed already! she is this instant come into the drawing-room.

Caroline. Stand back, stand back! *don't* let her see us all staring: ah, there she is;—got on her pink sarcenet body and sleeves to day:—how pretty that dress is, to be sure!

Eliza. And how nicely she has done her hair; look Caroline—braided behind.

Lucy. There, she is putting down the sash. That chimney smokes, I know, with this wind.

Fanny. And there is that little figure, Martha Jones, come down now: do look, as broad as she is long: what a little fright that child is, to be sure!

MOTHER. Pray, Fanny, was that remark—*useful or necessary?*

FANNY. O but mamma, I assure you, my tongue is quite well now.

MOTHER. I am sorry for it, my dear. Do you know, I should think it well worth while to bite my tongue every day, if there were no other means of keeping it in order.

At this the girls laughed; but their mother resuming her gravity, thus continued:

"My dear girls, I should before now have put a stop to this idle gossipping, if I had not hoped to convince you of the folly of it. It is no wonder, I confess, that at your age you should learn to imitate a style of remark which is but too prevalent in society.—Nothing indeed is more contagious: but let me also tell you, that girls of your age, and of your *advantages*, are capable of seeing the meanness of it: and ought to despise it. It is the chief end of education to raise the minds of women above such trifling as this. But if a young person who has been taught to *think*, whose taste has been cultivated, and who might therefore possess internal resources, has as much idle curiosity about the affairs of her neighbors, and is as fond of retailing petty scandal concerning them, as an uneducated woman, it proves that her mind is incurably mean and vulgar, and that cultivation is lost upon her.

"This sort of gossipping, my dear girls, is the

disgrace of our sex. The pursuits of women lying necessarily within a narrow sphere, they naturally sink, unless raised by refinement, or by strong principle, into that *littleness of character* for which, even their own husbands and fathers (if they are men of sense) are tempted to despise them. The minds of men, from their engagements in business necessarily take a larger range; and they are, in general, too much occupied with concerns comparatively important, to enter into the minute details which amuse women. But women of education have no such plea to urge. When your father and I direct you to this or that pursuit, it is not so much for the sake of your possessing that particular branch of knowledge; but that by knowledge *in general*, you may become intelligent and superior; and that you may be furnished with resources which will save you from the *miserable necessity* of seeking amusement from intercourse with your neighbors, and an acquaintance with their affairs.

"Let us suppose, now, that this morning you had been all more industriously inclined; and had been engaged in any of your employments with that ardor which some happy young people manifest in the acquisition of knowledge; would you, in that case, have felt any desire to know the date of Mrs. W.'s pelisse: or any curiosity in the proceedings of our neighbors the Jones's? No: you would then have thought it a most impertinent

interruption, if any one had attempted to entertain you with such particulars: but when the mind is indolent and empty, then it can receive amusement from the most contemptible sources. Learn then, to check this mean propensity. Despise such thoughts whenever you are tempted to indulge them: recollect that this low curiosity is the combined result of idleness, ignorance, emptiness and ill nature; and fly to useful *occupation* as the most successful antidote against the evil. Nor let it be forgotton, that such impertinent remarks as these come directly under the description of those "*idle words,*" of which an account must be given in the day of judgment. Yes, this vulgar trifling is as inconsistent with the spirit of Christian benevolence, and with the grand rule of "doing to others as we would that they should do to us," as it is with refinement of taste and dignity of character."

"Who would have thought," said little Fanny, "that my happening to bite my tongue this morning, would have led to all this?"

"It would be a fortunate *bite* for you, Fanny," said her mother, "and for your *neighbors*, if it should make you more careful in the use of it. If we were liable to such a misfortune whenever we use our tongues improperly, some persons would be in a constant agony:—now, if our consciences were but half as sensible as our nerves, they would answer the purpose much better.—Foolish talking pains a *good* conscience, just as continual

speaking hurts a sore tongue; and if we did but regard one smart as much as the other, it would act as a constant check upon the unruly member."

XXI.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm: the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course: the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing

this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here: and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum: "well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So we have all, and are likely to do; and although this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do:* would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate *my* argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace:—"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum;—"it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions.*"

"Very good," replied the dial, "but recollect that although you may *think* of a million strokes in

an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed: when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "Take care of the *minutes* and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint; and might be very seasonably recollected when we

begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The *present* is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process continued would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or to encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one* could be sustained, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day *the* spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is to resolve to act right *to-morrow*, or *next time*, but *now*, just *this* once, we must go on the same as ever.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those who, "by *patient continuance in well doing*, seek for glory, honor and immortality:"—day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their "works follow them."

Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting, that *now* is the proper and the accepted time."

XXII.

COUSIN'S VISIT.

Mrs. Newton had two daughters, named Susan and Maria: they lived a retired life in the country; and as they seldom saw company, they were both exceedingly delighted one morning at breakfast, when their mother read them part of a letter she had just received from her neice, Miss Newton, in London, saying, that she inten-

ded to come and pass a month with them very shortly.

Susan and Maria were girls of thirteen and fourteen years of age: but their cousin was grown up. They had never seen her, but they had often heard their mamma say, that she was a very amiable and sensible young woman, therefore they were very impatient for her coming, and, indeed, thought of little besides from this time to that of her arrival.

Susan Newton was a gentle, affectionate girl; her manners were refined, and her temper sweet and obliging. Maria was lively and talkative; she liked very much to be noticed by strangers; and she had a foolish idea that whatever she said or did before others, they were observing her and thinking of her;—a mistake which always arises from persons' thinking too much of themselves. Maria was also very apt to feel jealous of her sister, having a great desire that people should love her the best:—and the very first thought that sprung up in her little selfish heart, when she heard of her cousin's coming, was, that she hoped she would love her better than her sister Such thoughts look very frightful set down in black and white; and yet they do not appear at all more so than they really are when concealed from every eye in some dark crevice of the heart. Maria accordingly began, from that instant, contriving what she could do to ingratiate herself in

her cousin's favor; and worse than that, how she could make herself appear more amiable and agreeable than Susan; whereas Susan, in the simplicity of her heart, thought only of the pleasure she should enjoy in her cousin's company.

On the day appointed, Mrs. Newton set off in the little pony-chaise which she kept, to meet her niece at the neighboring town; for the stage-coach did not come within five miles of their retired village. Susan and Maria remained at home; and before their mother could well have reached the town to which she was going, their impatience made them imagine it was time for her to return. Accordingly they placed themselves in the bow window that looked towards the road, in order that they might catch the first glimpse of the chaise. Susan, indeed, was wise enough to take her work, so that the time did not seem so extremely tedious to her as it did to Maria, who expressed her uneasiness from time to time, by exclaiming, "What a while they are!"—"I begin to be afraid that cousin is not come!"—"How I wish they would come!"—and the like. Every gig, cart, wagon, or wheelbarrow that was heard at a distance, Maria felt sure was *it*. But Susan wisely suspended her opinion till they came within sight. At last—that is, just about the time that might have been expected—the gray pony made its appearance, and presently stopped, with their guest, before the gate. Maria, by this

time, had wrought herself into such an agitation, that her cheeks were all in crimson glow; and she made two or three blunders in the sentence which she had prepared for the first greeting. So that Susan, who had made no preparation at all, and only said, "How d'ye do, cousin?" appeared on this occasion to the most advantage. Miss Newton kissed them both affectionately; but not being in good health she was greatly fatigued by her journey, and could not therefore take much notice of either of them that evening. Maria remarked several times, "how *very* sorry she was her cousin was so poorly." But Susan, who perceived it was fatiguing to her to reply, said nothing about it; only she set a footstool for her to rest her feet upon, and gently placed one of the sofa pillows at the back of her chair; and when she smiled and said, "Thank you love," Maria wished *she* had thought of it, and said, "Ah, that is right; I am sure cousin *must* want something to lean upon. How I do hope she will be better to-morrow."

She was better the next day; and soon rendered herself so agreeable to the young folks, by her amiable manners and intelligent conversation, that they were both delighted with their relation. Susan soon felt a tender affection for her, and Maria an increased desire to win her regard. For this purpose, she employed several means which proved her to be very unskilful in the cul-

ture of true affection. For instance, she would go to her cousin several times in a day, and throwing her arms round her neck, kiss her repeatedly, till it became really troublesome: then she would say, "Dear cousin, how I love you! I don't think you know half how much I love you;" and other things of the same kind:—things which are all very well, occasionally, when they are the genuine and spontaneous expressions of affection; but when employed as mere professions to gain favor, which is oftener the case, they are exceedingly troublesome and disagreeable.

Susan's love was expressed in a different way. She showed her respect for her cousin by listening attentively to her conversation; and her affection, chiefly by thinking of, and doing *little things*, which she thought might promote her comfort or convenience. Maria, indeed, was very officious in waiting upon her; but as her object in so doing was not so much to accommodate her cousin as to show her own attentions, she often made mistakes, and gave more trouble than she rendered service. She had also a very unpleasant way of saying flattering things, which always means, that persons wish to be flattered in return. "Dear cousin," she would say, "how I do admire the color of your hair!"—or "how sweetly cousin sings!"—or, "how I do wish I could write such a nice hand as cousin!" But Susan very properly thought, it would be a liberty in a girl of her age

to make such remarks; she was content to make them to herself, and to endeavor to imitate her cousin's excellences.

During the whole time of Miss Newton's visit, Maria was so anxious to be in her company, that she neglected her usual business, and did not apply properly to any thing; while Susan went regularly about her usual studies; and besides that, knowing that her mamma wished to enjoy as much of her niece's company as possible, she undertook many little domestic offices that she was unaccustomed to, in order that her mother might have the more leisure. Thus she was often absent from the parlor for a long time; at which Maria secretly both rejoiced and wondered; for she considered that her sister's absence afforded her a capital opportunity of recommending herself. Very often she would remain in the room, or follow her mother and cousin about the garden, when they would both rather have dispensed with her company, that they might have some private conversation. Thus it is that forward, *pushing* persons ever defeat their own purposes. It was particularly observable, that Susan's assiduities were not confined to an individual whom she wished to please: her mother, her sister, and every one who needed them, were attended to, with as much alacrity as her cousin; while Maria neglected every body else, in order to lavish her attentions and services upon one.

Now Miss Newton was too observant a person not to remark all this; and before she had passed one week in this family, any impartial by-stander would have seen for which of these girls she felt the most esteem. But poor Maria was so blinded by self-love that she could not persuade herself but that, in return for all her lavish professions of regard, so far surpassing those of her sister, she must give preference to herself: still she wished for some unequivocal assurance of this preference; and the day before Miss Newton was to take her departure, being alone with her in the garden, she endeavored to introduce the subject. Finding, however, that no distant, nor even broad hint would be taken, she said, at length, "Dear cousin, there is one question I should so like to ask you?"

COUSIN. Well, if it is a proper question, ask it.

MARIA. I don't know whether you will think it a proper question quite; but I feel so anxious about it that I must tell you:—it is, that I should so very much like to know, for a particular reason, which you like best, Susan or me?

COUSIN. I must first tell you, that I do not think that a proper question; and I advise you to drop it at once; however, I shall give you your choice: if you still desire it, I will answer it; but observe, I advise you not.

MARIA. Ah! well do answer it, however.

COUSIN. Well, then, I love Susan the best.

Maria looked up, to see if she was serious; and expecting some satisfactory explanation, she repeated, "Susan!"

Cousin. Yes, Susan.

Hereupon Maria hastily withdrawing her arm from her cousin's, hid her face in her hands, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping: she cried violently, a long time, expecting at every fresh burst, that her cousin would say something consolatory: — instead of which, she only walked quietly by her side, without uttering a word.

At last, in a sullen and broken voice, Maria began—"Well, it is hard, after all that I have felt; I little thought of this;—it is hard—it is very——."

Cousin. It is no fault of mine, my dear; did not I advise you not to put the question?

Maria. Ah, but I mean it is hard that you should—that you should not love me as well, at least—Oh! oh! oh! (sobbing.)

Cousin. But that is not my fault either; I cannot help it.

Here Maria wept more violently than before.

Cousin. My dear, I am very sorry to have hurt you; but you know I was obliged to tell the truth. There is not time now to enter further upon the subject; but I promise that when I return home, I will write you a long letter, and explain to you why I love Susan the best. In the meantime, I must say, that I do love you, Maria, though not

quite so well as I hope to do when we meet again.

Maria was a little comforted by this assurance, and by the promise of a letter from her cousin, which (unless any thing unforeseen prevents) she intends her to receive on the first of March.

XXIII.

COUSIN'S LETTER.

My dear Maria,

ALTHOUGH I should be sorry to lose the regard which you have kindly expressed towards me, I have determined, in fulfilling my late promise, to put aside all selfish considerations, and at the hazard of being thought unkind and ungrateful, to give you my thoughts very faithfully. To prevent all disappointment, therefore, I think it best to apprize you at the outset, that this letter will not contain a single compliment; nor any consolatory explanation of my answer to your question; for this would be doing you a real injury for the sake of a little present comfort. It is, on the contrary, my intention, as far as my observation extends, and as far as the difference in our ages may warrant, to speak more in the character of your conscience, than of your cousin.

It is of little consequence, my dear, whether a solitary individual (with whom you will probably have little future intercourse) it is of very little consequence, whether, or in what degree I may esteem and love you: but it is of great consequence, to yourself, that you should become worthy of esteem and affection; and therefore I shall not, to save myself and you a little present pain, withhold any observation that may tend to your future and permanent advantage.

I promised to tell you why I love Susan the best; and I can do this in a very few words. It is because she appears to me to be more amiable than you. It may be, that you will not consider this a sufficient reason: supposing, that in return for the many obliging things you said and did for me I ought to feel an equal or superior degree of regard for you. But this would arise from a great yet common mistake as to the nature of affection: as though it were a thing as voluntary in its exercise, as much in our power to give and to withhold, as money or service. There is nothing more unreasonable than to accuse persons of ingratitude for not loving us so much as we desire. Yet instances of this may be frequently observed. Most people feel the wish of being beloved: and in order to obtain their object it often happens that persons of selfish dispositions, of harsh, morose and tyrannical tempers, feeling the desolateness of living without affection, en-

leavor by large benefactions, and a succession of costly favors, to bribe the love of some individual. Not considering, that half the pains taken to subdue an evil temper, one real sacrifice of their own will or convenience for the other's happiness, would do more towards inspiring true affection than thousands of gold and silver. In such a case, gratitude requires the obliged party to show all due respect and to do all the service in his power: but it cannot require what is out of his power—that is, to love an unamiable person.

There is indeed a great deal of ingratitude, and a great deal of injustice and misapprehension in the world; and yet, love is a thing so discriminating, so free in its choice, so incapable of purchase, bribe, or bondage, that I believe it is very rarely, if ever *permanently* misplaced; or *finally* withheld where it is really merited. True affection as naturally flows towards the excellent and amiable, and as naturally avoids the mean, the selfish, the ill-natured, as water, escaping from the harsh and rugged rock, rests not till it reposes in the flowery bosom of the valley. We do, indeed, sometimes see ill-judging people lavishing their admiration on persons of superficial virtues and great professions; but in the sequel even these will be compelled to own their mistake, and acknowledge the superior worth of the modest, unpretending, consistent, benevolent character.

If I were about to make choice of a particular friend among a number of persons, I should not be guided by their conduct and professions to me, but by their behavior in their own families and amongst their old friends. A person who sustains one relation well, will not fail in another. I should be quite sure that a dutiful, affectionate, attentive daughter—a kind, disinterested, and self-denying sister, would make a *good friend:* and, on the contrary, no attentions or professions to myself could induce me to believe, that an individual who failed in these relations was capable of disinterested and faithful friendship. I should fully expect, that as soon as the novelty of our intimacy was worn off, the first time our interest or convenience happened to clash, I should experience the same want of kindness and generosity as I had witnessed in the case of others.

Now, to come as much to the point as I promised, I will plainly say, that, from what I observed in my two cousins, I should expect that Susan's friendship, though not so warmly expressed, would prove of the most durable and sterling quality. If I had remained with you some time longer, so as to become one of the family, and until the interest young people naturally feel in strangers had passed off, I could reasonably have expected no other conduct from you than that which your mother and sister commonly receive.

I am sure, at least, that I should not wish to be distinguished from them in such a way. Suppose then, that after awhile, I had been taken very ill, as I sometimes am, and had required a great deal of troublesome attendance; which, think you, of my cousins would have been the most attentive nurse? I do not ask who would have expressed most concern at my indisposition; but who would have been most willing to absent herself from agreeable company below, to watch in the sick chamber? Who would have been most mindful of my *little* wants, and most thoughtful and active in rendering those services which make no show, and are too minute for thanks or observation?

I think also that you are too anxious to obtain the love and admiration of those you meet with; or rather, I mean, that your anxiety is not of the right kind; but differs essentially from the natural, honest, and wholesome desire for the esteem and affection of our friends. The spurious kind may be known by its *activity*, and by the *by-ways* it takes to accomplish its purpose. *Jealousy* is another sure characteristic of this undue concern for the regard of others. Now, would you not consider it very unjust, very mean, and, more than that, very dishonest, if your sister should endeavor to persuade your mother to diminish your annual allowance in order to increase hers? or if she were to use means to induce her to bequeath

to herself the largest share of her property? But is it not equally ungenerous and unjust to desire a monopoly of *affection*, which is a thing more precious than gold? Why should you not wish Susan to share, at least equally with you, in what you yourself consider so very valuable? There is one comprehensive virtue which, more than any other that I can think of, characterizes those who enjoy universal esteem: this is *humility*: while those persons who imagine that their qualities entitle them to general regard, never—never attain it. Your gentle sister, appears to me to shine in this grace. She thinks so little of herself and of her own deservings, that whatever she receives of approbation and regard from others, seems to her wholly gratuitous. Now, as we always prefer giving where least is demanded, it is not surprising that our love should flow most readily where it is not claimed.

There is, my dear cousin (and I say it more from what I have detected in my own heart, than from any observation I have made on others) there is a kind of devoted attachment to some favorite friend, accompanied with an eager desire for their affection in return, which is purely selfish; and entirely distinct from a rational, well-founded, generous friendship. The esteem of that friend flatters our vanity; her attentions and confidence exalt us in the eyes of others: for such a friend we may, indeed, do much, and make

some costly sacrifices, but which, after all, are laid on the altar of self-love.

Many of the mean dispositions and uncharitable tempers which spring up in the human heart, would be at least checked in their growth if their noxious qualities had been early perceived. But the trouble and mortification of minute investigation and strict scrutiny are so great, that few take the pains requisite for the purpose; and many scarcely know how to set about it. Thus we deceive ourselves, and call things by their wrong names; so that the grossest vanity will pass for humbleness of mind; and the deepest selfishness for a warm and affectionate disposition.

Let me then advise my cousin, while she is still young, and all things are possible, to enter into a close and faithful examination of her own heart. Let her *motives* undergo the strictest scrutiny: and never let her set the least value on that regard (even if it could be secured) which is not founded on *sterling qualities*. There is a thing more precious and more conducive to happiness than the esteem of others, and that is *self-esteem*. When this is acquired the other will be sure to follow: resolve then to *deserve* the affection of your friends; and in order to this, think much less of what particular persons may think of you and of your conduct. Let it be your endeavor, from benevolent motives instead of for selfish ends, to promote the happiness of all

around you; cultivate habits of activity, of self-denial. Learn humility: be content to take your proper level: *think less, much less of yourself*, and make fewer demands on others: and then, what you before unsuccessfully claimed will be spontaneously yielded.

If I had not believed you to be possessed of good sense and principle enough to profit by these suggestions, I should not have taken the trouble to address them to you. If you will believe it, my dear Maria, I have given you a very strong proof of friendship in this letter; for it requires a greater effort to give one *faithful* reproof than to pay a hundred elaborate compliments; and it is, be assured, a far stronger evidence of affection.—My hope—I will even say my *expectation* is, that if a few years hence I should be favored to pay another visit to my cousins, it would perplex me exceedingly to answer such a question as that to which you lately compelled me to reply, but which, you would, in that case, feel no inclination to propose. In the meantime, I remain your sincere friend and affectionate cousin,

* * * * * * * * *

P. S. Your mother and sister will not expect to see this letter, as they are already informed that it relates to private business between you and me.

XXIV.

BUSY IDLENESS.

Mrs. Dawson being obliged to leave home for six weeks, her daughters, Charlotte and Caroline, received permission to employ the time of her absence as they pleased; that is, she did not require of them the usual strict attention to particular hours, and particular studies, but allowed them to choose their own employments; only recommending them to make a good use of the license, and apprizing them, that, on her return, she should require an exact account of the manner in which the interval had been employed.

The carriage that conveyed their mother away was scarcely out of hearing, when Charlotte, delighted with her freedom, hastened up stairs, to the school room, where she looked around on books, globes, maps, drawings, to select some *new* employment for the morning. Long before she had decided upon any, her sister had quietly seated herself at her accustomed station, thinking that she could do nothing better than finish the French exercise she had begun the day before. Charlotte, however, declined attending to French that day, and, after much indecision, and saying, "I have a great mind to"——three several times without finishing the sentence, she at last took

down a volume of Cowper, and read in different parts for about half an hour; then throwing it aside, she said she had a great mind to put the book shelves in order—a business which she commenced with great spirit; but in the course of her laudable undertaking, she met with a manuscript in short-hand: whereupon she exclaimed to her sister, "Caroline, don't you remember that old Mr. Henderson once promised he would teach us short-hand?—How much I should like to learn! —Only mamma thought we had not time;—but now, this would be such a good opportunity.—I am sure I could learn it well in six weeks; and how convenient it would be!—One could take down sermons, or any thing, and I could make Rachel learn, and then how *very* pleasant it would be to write to each other in short-hand! Indeed, it would be convenient in a hundred ways."—So saying, she ran up stairs, without any further delay, and putting on her hat and spencer, set off to old Mr. Henderson's.

Mr. Henderson happened to be at dinner; nevertheless Charlotte obtained admittance on the plea of urgent business; but she entered his apartment so much out of breath, and in such apparent agitation, that the old gentleman rising hastily from table, and looking anxiously at her over his spectacles, inquired in a tremulous tone, what was the matter. When, therefore, Charlotte explained her business, he appeared a

little disconcerted; but having gently reproved her for her undue eagerness, he composedly resumed his knife and fork, though his hand shook much more than usual during the remainder of his meal. However, being very good-natured, as soon as he had dined, he cheerfully gave Charlotte her first lesson in short-hand, promising to repeat it regularly every morning.

Charlotte returned home in high glee: she at this juncture considered short-hand as one of the most useful, and decidedly the most interesting of acquirements; and she continued to exercise herself in it all the rest of the day. She was exceedingly pleased at being able already to write two or three words which neither her sister nor even her father could decipher. For three successive mornings Charlotte punctually kept her appointment with Mr. Henderson; but on the fourth, she sent a shabby excuse to her kind master; and, if the truth must be told, he from that time saw no more of his scholar. Now the cause of this desertion was two-fold: first, and principally, her zeal for short-hand, which for the last eight and forty hours had been sensibly declining in its temperature, was on the above morning, within half a degree of freezing point; and besides this, a new and far more arduous and important undertaking had by this time suggested itself to her mind. Like many young persons of desultory inclinations, Charlotte often amused herself

with writing verses; and it now occurred to her, that *an abridged history of England in verse*, was still a *desideratum* in literature. She commenced this task with her usual diligence; but was somewhat discouraged in the outset by the difficulty of finding a rhyme to *Saxon*, whom, she indulged the unpatriotic wish, that the Danes had laid a *tax on*. But though she got over this obstacle by a new construction of the line, she found these difficulties occur so continually, that she soon felt a more thorough disgust at this employment than at the preceding one; so the epic stopped short, some hundred years before the Norman conquest. *Difficulty*, which quickens the ardor of industry, always damps, and generally extinguishes the false zeal of caprice and versatility.

Charlotte's next undertaking was, to be sure, a rapid descent from the last in the scale of dignity. She now thought, that by working very hard during the remainder of the time, she should be able to accomplish a patch-work counterpane, large enough for her own little tent bed; and the ease of this employment formed a most agreeable contrast in her mind with the extreme difficulty of the last. Accordingly, as if commissioned with a search-warrant, she ransacked all her mother's drawers, bags, and bundles in quest of new pieces; and these spoils proving very insufficient, she set off to tax all her friends, and to tease all the linen-drapers in the town for their *odds and*

ends; urging that she wanted some *particularly.* As she was posting along the street on this business, she espied at a distance a person whom she had no wish to encounter, namely, old Mr. Henderson. To avoid the meeting she crossed over; but this manœuvre did not succeed: for no sooner had they come opposite to each other, than, to her great confusion, he called out all across the street, in his loud and tremulous voice, and shaking his stick at her, "How d'ye do *Miss Shorthand?* I thought how it would be! O fie! O fie!"

Charlotte hurried on: and her thoughts soon returned to the idea of the splendid radiating star which she designed for the centre-piece of her counterpane. While she was arranging the different patterns, and forming the alterations of light and shade, her interest continued nearly unabated; but when she came to the *practical* part, of sewing piece to piece with unvarying sameness, it began, as usual, to flag. She sighed several times, and cast many disconsolate looks at the endless hexagons and octagons, before she indulged any distinct idea of relinquishing her task: at length, however, it did forcibly occur to her, that, *after all* she was not *obliged* to go on with it; and that really, patch-work was a thing that was better done by degrees, when one happens to want a job, than to be finished all at once. So with this thought (which would have been a very good one if it had occurred in proper time) she suddenly

drew out her needle, thrust all her pieces, arranged and unarranged, into a drawer, and began to meditate a new project.

Fortunately, just at this juncture, some young ladies of their acquaintance called upon Charlotte and Caroline. They were attempting to establish a society amongst their young friends for working for the poor; and came to request their assistance. Caroline very cheerfully entered into the design; but as for Charlotte, nothing could exceed the forwardness of her zeal: — she took it up so warmly, that Caroline's appeared, in comparison, only luke-warm. It was proposed, that each member of the society should have an equal proportion of the work to do at her own house: but when the articles came to be distributed, Charlotte, in the heat of her benevolence, desired that a double portion might be allotted to her. Some of the younger ones admired her industrious intentions; but the better judging advised her not to undertake too much at once. However, she would not be satisfied till her request was complied with. When the parcels of work arrived, Charlotte with exultation seized the larger one, and without a minute's delay commenced her charitable labors. The following morning she rose at four o'clock, to resume the employment; and not a little self-complacency did she feel, when after nearly two hours hard work, she still heard Caroline breathing in a sound sleep. But alas!

Charlotte soon found that *work* is *work*, of whatever nature, or for whatever purpose. She now inwardly regretted that she had asked for *more* than her share; and the cowardly thought that *after all* she was not *obliged* to do it, next occurred to her. For the *present*, therefore, she squeezed all the things, done and undone, into what she called her *Dorcas bag;* and to banish unpleasant thoughts, she opened the first book that happened to lie within reach: — it proved to be "an Introduction to Botany." Of this she had not read more than a page and a half, before she determined to collect some specimens herself, and having found a blank copy-book, she hastened into the garden, where gathering a few common flowers, she proceeded to dissect them, not, it is to be feared, with much scientific nicety. Perhaps as many as three pages of this copy-book were bespread with her specimens, before she discovered, that botany was a *dry study*.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the subsequent ephemeral undertakings which filled up the remainder of the six weeks. At the expiration of that time Mrs. Dawson returned. On the next morning after her arrival, she reminded her daughters of the account she expected of their employments during her absence; and desired them to set out, on two tables in the school room, every thing they had done that could be exhibited; together with the books they had been reading

Charlotte would gladly have been excused her part of the exhibition; but this was not permitted; and she reluctantly followed her sister to make the preparation. When the two tables were spread, their mother was summoned to attend. Caroline's, which was first examined, contained first, her various exercises in the different branches of study, regularly executed, the same as usual: and there were papers placed in the books she was reading in school hours, to show how far she had proceeded in them. Besides these, she had read in her leisure time, in French, Florian's Numa Pompilius, and in English, Mrs. More's Practical Piety, and some part of Johnson's Lives of the Poets. All the needlework which had been left to do or not, at her option, was neatly finished: and her parcel of linen for the poor was also completely and well done. The only instance in which Caroline had availed herself of her mother's license, was, that she had prolonged her drawing lessons a little every day, in order to present her mother with a pretty pair of screens, with flowers copied from nature; these were last of all placed on the table with an affectionate note, requesting her acceptance of them.

Mrs. Dawson, having carefully examined this table, proceeded to the other, which was quite piled up with different articles. Here, amid the heap, were her three pages of short-hand; several scraps of paper containing fragments of her

poetical history; the piece (not large enough for a doll's cradle) of her patchwork counterpane; her botanical specimens; together with the large unfinished pile out of the *Dorcas bag:* many of the articles of which were begun, but not one quite finished. There was a baby's cap with no border, a frock body without sleeves, and the skirt only half hemmed at the bottom; and slides, tapes, and button holes, were all, without exception, omitted. After these followed a great variety of thirds, halves, and quarters of undertakings, each perhaps good in *itself*, but quite useless in its unfinished state.

The examination being at length ended, Mrs. Dawson retired, without a single comment, to her dressing-room: where, in about an hour afterwards, she summoned the girls to attend her. Here, also, were two tables laid out, with several articles on each. Their mother then leading Caroline to the first, told her that as the reward of her industry and *perseverance*, the contents of the table were her own. Here, with joyful surprise, she beheld first, a little gold watch, which Mrs. Dawson said she thought a suitable present for one who had made a good use of her time: a small telescope next appeared; and lastly, Paley's Natural Theology, neatly bound. Charlotte was then desired to take possession of the contents of the other table, which were considerably more numerous. The first prize she drew out

was a very beautiful French fan; but upon opening it, it stretched out in an oblong shape for want of the pin to confine the sticks at bottom. Then followed a new parásol; but when unfurled there was no catch to confine it, so that it would not remain spread. A penknife handle without a blade, and the blade without the handle, next presented themselves to her astonished gaze. In great confusion she then unrolled a paper which discovered a telescope apparently like her sister's; but on applying it to her eye, she found it did not contain a single lens; so that it was no better than a roll of pasteboard. She was, however, greatly encouraged to discover that the last remaining article was a watch; for as she heard it tick, she felt no doubt that this, at least was complete, but, upon examination, she discovered that there was no hour hand, the minute hand alone pursuing its lonely and useless track.

Charlotte, whose conscience had very soon explained to her the moral of all this, now turned from the tantalizing table in confusion, and burst into an agony of tears. Caroline wept also, and Mrs. Dawson after an interval of silence, thus addressed her daughters.

"It is quite needless for me to explain my reasons for making you such presents, Charlotte. I assure you, your papa and I have had a very painful employment the past hour in spoiling them all for you. If I had found on your table in the

school room any one thing that had been properly *finished*, you would have received one complete present to answer it; but this you know was not the case. I should be very glad if this disappointment should teach you what I have hitherto vainly endeavored to impress upon you, that as all those things, pretty or useful as they are in themselves, are rendered totally useless for want of *completeness;* so exertion without *perseverance* is no better than *busy idleness.* That employment does not deserve the name of industry, which requires the stimulus of novelty to keep it going. Those who will only work so long as they are *amused*, will do no more good in the world, either to themselves or others, than those who refuse to work at all. If I had required you to pass the six weeks of my absence in bed, or in counting your fingers, you would, I suppose, have thought it a sad waste of time; and yet, I appeal to you whether (with the exception of an hour or two of needle-work) the whole mass of articles on your table could produce any thing more useful. And thus, my dear, may life be squandered away, in a succession of busy nothings.

"I have now a proposal to make to you. These presents, which you are to take possession of as they are, I advise you to lay by carefully. Whenever you can show me any thing that you have begun, and voluntarily *finished*, you may at the same time bring with you one of these things,

beginning with those of least value, to which I will immediately add the part that is deficient. Thus, by degrees, you may have them all completed; and if by this means you should acquire the wise and *virtuous* habit of *perseverance*, it will be far more valuable to you than the richest present you could possibly receive.

XXV.

TEMPER; OR THE TWO OLD LADIES.

In a huge old-fashioned red brick house, with a great many tall narrow windows in front, and a high flight of stone steps up to the door, lived two old ladies, commonly called Mrs. Abigail and Mrs. Dorothy. They had lived there for many and many a year; they never altered the fashion of their dress, and were very exact and regular in all their habits and customs. Every day of the week they were driven out at the same hour, in their old-fashioned coach, by their old-fashioned coachman; and at the same hour they returned home; so that when the coach passed through the town, either going or returning, every body knew what was o'clock. They neither paid visits nor received company at their house; and the few servants they kept had lived with them

so many years that none but the aged people of the place could remember the least alteration in the household.

The old ladies dressed exactly alike; and were nearly of the same age; their customs, also, were quite similar; so that to observe them at a distance, it might be supposed there was scarcely any difference between them: and yet there was a difference. Mrs. Abigail was very rich, though nobody knew *how* rich: but not so Mrs. Dorothy, although she was her own sister; for having in her youth in some way displeased the old gentleman, her father, he left all his fortune to his eldest daughter; so that Mrs. Dorothy depended almost entirely upon the bounty—or rather upon the *justice* of her sister. But this was not the greatest difference between them: for Mrs. Abigail was ill-natured; and Mrs. Dorothy was good-natured; and it is this kind of thing that makes the greatest real difference between persons, in the mind of all those with whom they have to do. The consequence of this, in the present instance, was, that all the old servants loved Mrs. Dorothy better than they loved their mistress; and waited upon her, not only with more affection, but with more respect. And as respect and affection are things which can neither be concealed where they are felt, nor successfully imitated where they are not, Mrs. Abigail saw as plainly *how it was*, as if they had told her so in the most express

terms. Now this aggravated her temper beyond any thing: she thought it so very strange, and hard, and ungrateful, that she, to whom they were indebted for all they had, who paid them such handsome wages, and made them such generous presents, should be in less esteem than her poor sister Dorothy, who had nothing of that sort in her power. No; but "such as she had she gave them;" and that happened to be of more sterling value than their mistress's silver and gold. At first Mrs. Abigail was so impatient under the grievance, that she turned away several faithful servants for no other real reason than this private one: but finding that the new comers regularly fell into the same fault, she was soon glad to recall her old domestics.

Mrs. Abigail's temper did not soften as she grew older; she was vexed and tormented that she could not purchase, with all her money, that of which every human bosom feels the need; and every year increased both the cause and the effect of her disquietude. There was not a tradesman, nor a tenant, nor a neighbor, but would touch his hat with more cordiality to Mrs. Dorothy than to Mrs. Abigail; for nobody could help seeing the difference: it was even perceptible as they passed along in the old coach; for, while Mrs. Abigail used always to sit back in an erect posture, looking neither to the right nor left, the round good-natured face of Mrs. Doro-

thy might always be seen, sometimes smiling at the children, and sometimes nodding to the neighbors as she passed their doors.

Mrs. Abigail used perpetually to complain of her wrongs and grievances to Mrs. Dorothy; who always heard her very patiently; and said what she could to soften and console her. She very rarely ventured to hint either at the reason, or the remedy; for that irritated her beyond any thing; and always brought forth the whole list of her benefactions to witness that the fault was not in *her*.

After a long succession of years, a circumstance occurred in the family which made a greater alteration in its aspect, than if the China images on the best parlor mantel-piece, had been transported to the sitting parlor mantel-piece; which would, however, have been considered a most memorable innovation. This was, Mrs. Abigail's taking it into her head to adopt a little orphan girl, a child scarcely five years of age, the daughter of a poor minister lately deceased.

Little Mary was a very pretty, artless, engaging child. Full of spirits, and unconscious of her misfortunes, she entered the great house without any adequate idea of its dignity, and felt herself quite at home the moment she found something to play with. At first the old ladies could not exactly say whether they were most amused or most *put out* by the noisy frolics of

their new inmate. Mrs. Abigail, at least, felt considerable uncertainty on the subject. But Mrs. Dorothy soon found that it added materially to her happiness. For, although she certainly was *fidgetted* at the unwonted sight of doll's clothes strewed upon the carpet, and to see the covers to the crimson damask chair-bottoms unceremoniously pulled up, and left in wrecks and wrinkles, and above all, that the cat's back was sometimes stroked the wrong way—yet, the innocent smiles, the playful gambols, and engaging prattle of the child went to her heart, and awoke sensations of delight and tenderness, which must needs languish, even in benevolent minds, when it is long since they were called into exercise. So much were the good ladies sometimes amused, that the wind might shift from southeast to northwest without its being noted by either of them; a thing unprecedented heretofore. And often Mrs. Abigail herself, was so much diverted by her little protegée that she had been observed not to gape more than seven times during a whole afternoon.

But notwithstanding all this, things did not go on quite so smoothly as may be imagined. Mrs. Abigail's grand object in adopting the little girl was, that she might train up some body to love her; and having heard that you may teach a child any thing, she thought by taking one so young she should be sure to succeed in her de-

sign. Accordingly, she resolved to instil it into her youthful mind, as her highest duty, to love her benefactress; and she did not fail by reiterated instructions to give the child to understand, that for every thing she eat and wore and played with, she was indebted to her alone. Now it was a little strange, that after sixty years' experience, this good lady did not know any better way of securing her object; and that she should imagine that so *very* small a sacrifice as that of giving out a little money from an ample store, would alone procure so invaluable a blessing as that of the affection of a fellow creature.

Children are excellent physiognomists; and little Mary soon learned to whom to apply for any assistance or sympathy in her play; and she never failed, when she was tired or sleepy, to run and lay her head on Mrs. Dorothy's lap. It happened not unfrequently, that she was very noisy in her mirth: so much so, that, to use her own expression, "it absolutely went through and through Mrs. Abigail's head;" and even Mrs. Dorothy's did not escape with impunity. Now, on these and similar occasions, when her patience was quite exhausted (which generally happened pretty early) Mrs. Abigail would begin to scold; but in spite of this, and of Mrs. Dorothy's repeated admonitions of "softly! softly! my little dear," the little dear would continue romping about till she got such a thorough trimming from Mrs. Abi-

gail, as made her cry sadly, and wish that her own mamma would come again. When the storm was over, the old lady often relented; and trotting to her china closet, she would take a sweet queen cake or macaroon (articles on which she placed her chief dependence in the management of the child) and hold it out to her with a beneficent smile, which seemed to say, "Sure you must love me now." On one of these occasions, as soon as Mary had devoured the bribe, she called her, saying, "Come hither, my dear, come to me, and tell me now, don't you love me?" Retaining a lively remembrance of her recent scolding, the child hesitated; and on the question being repeated, she answered, "No."

"Then you are the most ungrateful little creature that ever was," exclaimed the old lady, "and you may take that for your pains;" so saying, she gave her a smart box on the ear. Mary ran off roaring, and hid her face in Mrs. Dorothy's lap. Mrs. Dorothy knowing that would not *do*, raised her up, saying—

"O, now you are a very naughty little Miss! what, not love poor Mrs. Abigail, that gives you so many pretty things, and such nice cakes! O fie! I am quite ashamed of you! Sure you love her, don't you?"

"I love *you*," said the child, "because you don't beat me."

"Well, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Abigail,

"there is nothing but ingratitude in this world! nothing else: old and young, all alike. Such a little creature as that too, who could have thought it!"

Thus little Mary had her troubles, like other people, in the midst of her apparent prosperity. However, she had a never failing friend and solace in Mrs. Dorothy; and when they were alone, she would often throw her little arms round her neck, and kiss her repeatedly, saying—

"I do love you; I do love you very much, Mrs. *Doroty*." In return Mrs. Dorothy used to kiss her fondly, and say,

"And I love you my darling! my jewel! my pretty one!" never failing to add, "but you know you must love poor Mrs. Abigail too; because she is so good to you, and gives you such nice things." At which little Mary used to slide off her lap, and run away to play.

One day Mrs. Abigail was taken very ill, and could not leave her bed; and kind hearted Mrs. Dorothy came down to breakfast with the tears in her eyes.

"What are you crying for?" says little Mary.

"Because, my dear, poor Mrs. Abigail is very ill, and cannot come down stairs."

"Why then, you know, we shall have nobody to scold us all day; so why do you cry for *that*?" said little Mary.

In the spring little Mary was attacked with the

measles, and had them very severely. Notwithstanding her ill-nature, Mrs. Abigail was really fond of the child; and she attended her in her illness with much solicitude; took her on her lap, rocked her to and fro; once when she was very restless she spoke to her in soothing tones; and when little Mary, in taking some barley water, spilt a little of it over her silk gown, and began to cry from the apprehension of being punished for it, Mrs. Abigail said, "Never mind, love, I 'll not be angry with you *now*." Upon which little Mary raised her head, looked up in her face for a moment with surprise, and then said, "I love *you*, *now*, Mrs. Abigail."

Mrs. Abigail looked surprised in her turn: she pressed the child to her bosom with unwonted fondness; the tears came in her eyes; for those few words, uttered by a little child, gave her more real pleasure than any thing that had happened to her for many a day. Being alone, she fell into a deep revery; but the thoughts of a person unaccustomed to reflection, are too indistinct and crude for repetition. However, the sense and the substance of her meditation was something like this:—

"What! will one kind word, one act of forbearance and good-nature, do more than all the favors I have bestowed? O, if I had considered this in early life—if I had but seen that it is not money but kindness, not gifts, but good-nature,

that purchases affection, how differently would my life have passed;—Ah sister Dorothy! Sister Dorothy! I have had all the money, but you have had all the happiness!"

XXVI.

MAN AND ANIMALS.

Mr. F. and his children were walking one summer's evening, in what were familiarly called the high woods. A narrow path conducted them through the underwood, where straggling branches of the wild rose intercepted them at every step: the rich and variegated stems of the forest trees were illumined here and there in bright spots, by golden beams of the setting sun, which streamed through the interstices of the massy foliage. Swarms of merry gnats danced in the open spaces of the wood; birds of every note sang, in uninterrupted gladness, amid its deep recesses; the nimble squirrel was observed occasionally leaping from bough to bough; and the timid eye of the wild rabbit was seen peeping from behind the roots of the trees, and then, swiftly disappearing, she escaped into her inaccessible fortresses. How happy are young people, whose taste is raised to the enjoyment of these elevated and

simple pleasures, and who find in their parents, intelligent friends, capable of cultivating this taste, of inspiring and guiding their love of knowledge, and of giving a right direction to both!

The liberty and happiness evidently enjoyed by the various little inhabitants of these woods, gave a turn to the evening's conversation, as the party returned home.

"I think," says little Joe, "that if I were going to be changed into any thing else, I should like best to be a rabbit, and to live in the woods; they seem so happy and comfortable here!"

FATHER. Can you tell me, Joe, what is the greatest difference between you and a rabbit?

JOE. Why, papa, we are as different as can be. Rabbits have got long ears, and four legs, and are covered all over with soft hair.

FATHER. So far, then, the rabbit seems to have the advantage of you, for it can run faster with four legs than you can with only two; and its long ears enable it to hear more acutely; and it has a warm dress, ready made, without any trouble or expense: now can you think of any thing in which you are better off than the rabbit?

Joe was such a very little boy that he could not think of any thing; but his brother Edward soon answered for him, saying, "Why, we are better off than rabbits, almost in every thing: we can talk, and laugh, and read, and write, and learn Latin."

FATHER. It is true the rabbit cannot do these things; but then she is quite independent of them, for she answers all the purposes of her existence perfectly well without their assistance. Richard, can you give us a more accurate account of the difference between Man and Animals?

RICHARD. I suppose, papa, the chief difference is our having reason, and they only instinct.

FATHER. But in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, I think three things may be mentioned, in which the difference very distinctly appears.

RICHARD. What are they, papa?

FATHER. Let us first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction that appears between him and the creatures around him, is, *the use of implements.*

RICHARD. Ah, I should never have thought of that.

FATHER. When the savage provides himself with a hut, or a crawl, or a wigwam, for shelter, or that he may store up his provision, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species. But the man cannot make any progress in this work without something like tools, however rude and simple in their form: he must provide himself with an axe,

even before he can lop down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with the most mathematical nicety, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade, or a plough; nor can he reap what he has sown, till he has shaped an instrument, with which to cut down his harvests. But the animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

EDWARD. Then, here again, the animals are the best off.

FATHER. That is not our present inquiry: now for the second distinction: Man, in all his operations *makes mistakes*, animals make none.

EDWARD. Do animals never make mistakes?

FATHER. Why, Edward, did you ever see such a thing, or hear of such a thing, as a little bird sitting disconsolate on a twig, lamenting over her half finished nest, and puzzling her little poll to know how to complete it? Did you ever see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy irregular shapes, or observe any thing like a discussion in the little community, as if there was a difference of opinion amongst the architects?

The boys laughed, and owned they had never heard of such a thing.

FATHER. Animals are even better physicians than we are, for when they are ill, they will,

many of them, seek out some particular herb, which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint. Whereas, the whole College of Physicians will dispute for a century, and not at last agree upon the virtues of a single drug. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled: he must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to any thing like perfection; and these experiments imply a succession of *mistakes*. Even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some *experience;* and the term of man's life is half wasted, before he has done with his mistakes, and begins to profit by his lessons.

Edward. Then, papa, how is it? for after all we *are* better than animals.

Father. Observe, then, our third distinction, which is, that animals make no *improvements:* while the knowledge, and the skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. The inventions and discoveries of one generation, are, through the medium of literature, handed down to succeeding ones; so that the accumulated experience of all former ages and nations is ready for our use, before we begin to think and act for ourselves. The result of which is, that the most learned and ingenious amongst the ancient philosophers, Aristotle, or Archimedes, might learn in an hour, from a modern school boy, more than

the laborious study of their lives could enable them to discover.

RICHARD. Well, I am glad we have thought of something at last, to prove that men are wiser than rabbits.

FATHER. Herein appears the difference between what we call instinct and reason. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature, or that invariable law which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of men. But man, having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, although (being an imperfect and fallible creature) this liberty exposes him to mistake, and is perpetually leading him into error; yet by patience, perseverance, and industry, and by long experience, he at last achieves what angels may, perhaps, behold with admiration. A bird's nest, is, indeed, a perfect and beautiful structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century, is not at all more commodious, or elegant, than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare (I will not say Adam's bower, for that was doubtless in the finest style of nature's own architecture) but if we compare the wigwam of the North American Indian, with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's *mistakes*, rectified and

ıproved upon, conduct him. Animals can ·ovide for their wants, and for those of their fspring, with the utmost adroitness; and just so uch, and no more, did their antediluvian ancesy: while man, after having provided for his first ecessities, emerging gradually from the savage ate, begins to cultivate poetry and music, proeeds to the knowledge of arts and sciences, unnown and unthought of by his rude forefathers, ll (in humble imitation of the works of God himelf) he gives exquisite construction to the rudest ıaterials which nature has left for his use; suplying those artificial wants and wishes, for which : was beneath her dignity to provide; and while is hand thus executes all that is ingenious and eautiful, his thought glances at all that is magıificent and sublime.

XXVII.

THE WORM AND THE SNAIL.

A Fable.

A LITTLE worm too close that played
In contact with a gardener's spade,
Writhing about in sudden pain,
Perceived that he was cut in twain;

His nether half, left shoot and free,
Much doubting its identity.
However, when the shock was past,
New turning rings were formed so fast,
By nature's hand which fails her never,
That soon he was as long as ever.
But yet the result and the pain,
This little reptile did retain,
In what, in man, is called the brain.
One fine spring evening, bright and wet,
Ere yet the April sun was set,
When slimy reptiles crawl and coil
Forth from the soil and humid soil,
He left his subterranean clay
To move along the gravelly way:
Where suddenly his course was stopt
By something on the path that dropt:
When, with precaution and surprise,
He straight shrunk up to half his size.
That 't was a stone was first his notion,
But soon discovering loco-motion,
He recognised the coat of mail,
And wary antlers of a snail,
Which some young rogue (we beg his pardon)
Had flung into his neighbor's garden.
The snail all shattered and infirm,
Deplored his fate, and told the worm.
"Alas!" says he, "I know it well,
All this is owing to my shell:
They could not send me up so high,
Describing circles in the sky,
But that, on this account, 't is known
I bear resemblance to a stone:

Would I could rid me of my case,
And find a tenant for the place!
I'll make it known to all my kin;—
'This house to let—inquire within.'"
"Good!" says the worm, "the bargain's struck;
I take it, and admire my luck:
That shell, from which you'd fain be free,
Is just the very thing for me.
Oft have I wished, when danger calls,
For such impervious castle walls.
Both for defence and shelter made,
From greedy crow, and murderous spade:
Yes, neighbor snail, I'll hire the room,
And pay my rent when strawberries come.
"Do," says the snail, "and I 'll declare,
You 'll find the place in good repair;
With winding ways that will not fail
To accommodate your length of tail."
(This fact the wily rogue concealing—
The fall had broken in his ceiling.)
"O," says the sanguine worm, "I knew
That I might safely deal with you."
Thus was the tenement transferred,
And that without another word.
Off went the snail in houseless plight;
Alas! it proved a frosty night,
And ere a peep of morning light,
One wish supreme he found prevail;—
(In all the world this foolish snail
Saw nothing he would like so well)—
Which was—that he had got a shell.
But soon for this he ceased to sigh:
A little duck came waddling by,

Who having but a youthful bill,
Had ventured not so large a pill
(E'en at imperious hunger's call)
As this poor reptile, house and all.
But finding such a dainty bite
All ready to his appetite,
Down went the snail, whose last lament,
Mourned his deserted tenement.
  Meantime the worm had spent his strength,
In vain attempts to curl his length
His small apartment's space about;
For head or tail must needs stick out.
Now, if this last was left, 't was more
Exposed to danger than before,
And 't would be vastly strange, he said,
To sit in doors without one's head.
Alas! he now completely bears
The unknown weight of household cares;
And wishes much some kind beholder
Would take the burden off his shoulder.
  Now broke the dawn; and soon with fear,
Feeling the shock of footsteps near,
He tried to reach that wished for goal,
The shelter of a neighboring hole;
Which proved, when danger threatened sore,
A certain refuge heretofore.
But failed him now this last resort:
His new appendage stopt him short:
For all his efforts would not do
To force it in, or drag it through.
Oh then, poor worm! what words can say
How much he wished his shell away!
But wishes all were vain, for oh!

The garden roller, dreaded foe!
Came growling by, and did not fail,
To crush our hero, head and tail,
—Just when the duck devoured the snail.

Thus says the fable:—learn from hence,
It argues want of common sense,
To think our trials and our labors,
Harder and heavier than our neighbors':
Or that 't would lighten toils and cares,
To give them ours in change for theirs;
For whether man's appointed lot
Be really equalized or not,
(A point we need not now discuss,)
Habit makes ours the best to us.

XXVIII.

NOW AND THEN.

In distant days of wild romance,
Of magic mist and fable;
When stones could argue, trees advance,
And brutes to talk, were able;
When shrubs and flowers were said to preach,
And manage all the parts of speech:

'T was then, no doubt, if 't was at all
(But doubts we need not mention)
That THEN and NOW, two adverbs small,

Engaged in sharp contention;
But how they made each other hear
Tradition doth not make appear.

THEN, was a sprite of subtile frame,
With rainbow tints invested;
On clouds of dazzling light she came,
And stars her forehead crested;
Her sparkling eye of azure hue,
Seemed borrowed from the distant blue.

Now, rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture;
She seldom either grief or mirth
Expressed by word or gesture;
Composed, sedate and firm she stood,
And looked industrious, calm and good.

THEN, sang a wild, fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on:
Still stretching, as she sailed along,
Towards the fair horizon;
Where clouds of radiance, fringed with gold,
O'er hills of emerald beauty rolled.

Now, rarely raised her sober eye
To view that golden distance;
Nor let one idle minute fly
In hope of THEN's assistance;
But still, with busy hands, she stood,
Intent on doing *present* good.

She ate the sweet but homely fare
That passing moments brought her;
While THEN, expecting dainties rare,

Despised such bread and water:
And waited for the fruits and flowers
Of future, still receding hours.

Now, venturing once to ask her why,
She answered with invective;
And pointed, as she made reply,
Towards that long perspective
Of years to come, in distance blue,
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.

"Alas," says she, "how hard you toil!
With undiverted sadness:
Behold yon land of wine and oil—
Those sunny hills of gladness;
Those joys I wait with eager brow:"—
"And so you always will," said NOW.

"That fairy land that looks so real,
Recedes as you pursue it;
Thus while you wait for times ideal,
I take my work and do it;
Intent to form, when time is gone,
A pleasant past to look upon."

"Ah, well," said THEN, "I envy not
Your dull fatiguing labors;
Aspiring to a brighter lot,
With thousands of my neighbors,
Soon as I reach that golden hill;"—
"But that," says now, "you never will."

"And e'en suppose you should," said she
("Though mortal ne'er attained it)—
Your nature you must change with me

The moment you had gained it:
Since hope fulfilled (you must allow)
Turns NOW TO THEN, and THEN TO NOW.

XXIX.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LEARNING.

THE temple of knowledge, that spacious and magnificent structure, towards which so many weary steps have been directed, appears at this moment a bright object in the distant horizon. The setting sun now illuminating its fair marble columns, reveals something of its elegance and splendor. Having pitched my tent beneath a spreading shade, in order to take needful repose, I have amused myself by noting down some of the adventures that befell me, more especially in the early part of my pilgrimage: although, being now advanced in years, and having commenced this adventure in early childhood, I retain but an imperfect remembrance of many circumstances, and can offer no more than a brief sketch of the journey.

Nothing could be more easy and agreeable than my condition, when I was first summoned to set out on this career. Sporting upon flowery lawns, surrounded with glittering baubles, over-

whelmed with caresses, and meeting smiles in every face. Strange was the hour when I was snatched from the midst of these indulgences, to commence a toilsome pilgrimage; though at that time little aware of the lengthened and difficult course that lay before me. It was not, however, without letting fall a few ominous tears that I set the first step. Several companions of my own age and condition accompanied me in the outset; and we travelled pleasantly together a good part of the way.

Our path, at first, lay through a ploughed field, which we no sooner entered than we were accosted by three diminutive strangers, who assumed a formidable aspect towards us. These we presently discovered to be the advanced guard of a Liliputian army, which was seen advancing towards us in battle array. Their forms were singularly grotesque; some were striding across the path, others standing with their arms akimbo, some hanging down their heads, others quite erect, some standing on one leg, others on two, and one, strange to say, on three; another had his arms crossed, and one was remarkably crooked; some were very slender, and others as broad as they were long. But notwithstanding this diversity of figure, when they were all marshalled in line of battle, they had a very orderly and regular appearance. Feeling disconcerted by their numbers, we were presently for sounding a re-

treat; but being urged forward by our guide, we soon mastered the three who led the van, and he gave us spirit to encounter the main army, we were conquered in a moment before we left the hill. We had scarcely taken breath after this victory, when, to our no small dismay, we descried a strong reinforcement of the enemy stationed on the opposite side. These were exactly equal in number to the former army, but vastly superior in size and stature; they were, in fact, a race of giants, though of the same species with the others, and were capitally accoutred for the onset. Their appearance discouraged us greatly at first; but we found their strength was not proportioned to their size; and having acquired much skill and courage by the late engagement, we soon succeeded in subduing them, and passed off the field in triumph. After this we were perpetually engaged with small bands of the enemy, no longer extended in line of battle, but in small detachments, of two, three, and four in a company; we had some tough work here, and now and then they were too many for us. Having annoyed us thus for a time, they began to form themselves into close columns, six or eight abreast; but we had now attained so much address, that they were no longer very formidable to us.

Notwithstanding these frequent skirmishes, we were on the whole well pleased with our road. It lay for the most part, through a verdant and

flowery district, and we had many intervals of relaxation and repose.

After continuing this route for a considerable way, the face of the country suddenly changed, and we began to enter upon a vast succession of snowy plains, where we were each furnished with a certain light weapon, peculiar to the country, which we flourished continually, and with which we made many light strokes, and some desperate ones. The waters hereabouts were dark and brackish, and the snowy surface of the plain was often defaced by them. Probably we were now on the borders of the Black Sea. These plains we traversed across and across, for many a day.

Upon quitting this district the country became far more dreary; it appeared nothing but a dry and sterile desert, the soil being remarkably hard and slaty. Here we saw many curious figures, but we soon found that the inhabitants of this desert were mere ciphers, sometimes they appeared in vast numbers, which were again suddenly diminished.

Our road, after this, wound through a rugged and hilly country, which was divided into nine principal parts or districts, each under a distinct governor; and these again were reduced into endless subdivisions. Some of them we were obliged to decline; it was not a little puzzling to perceive the intricate ramifications of the paths in these parts. Here, the natives spoke several

facets, which rendered our intercourse with them very perplexing. However, it must be confessed, that every step we set in this country was less fatiguing and more interesting. Our course at first lay all up hill, and when we had proceeded to a certain height, the distant country, which was most richly variegated, opened finely to our view: and the atmosphere at this elevation was so clear, that we were able to discern several very remote countries, and were gratified with a distant view of many celebrated antiquities.

I must not, however, omit here to mention a circumstance which occasioned no little mortification and chagrin to some of our party. The hills we were now climbing were so lofty and romantic, and the prospects appeared to us so extensive, that several of us were of opinion, that ascending a few more heights would bring us to our journey's end; and a gaudy and contemptible pagoda, that stood on a neighboring summit, was actually mistaken by us for the temple of knowledge itself. Under this idea, many of our party rushed on with an air of triumph; at the same time regarding with looks of great contempt, several parties of pilgrims whom we observed still patiently trudging along in the valleys below. Just as we were loudly congratulating ourselves on this speedy termination of our travels, and admiring the gay and superficial gilding that adorned this edifice, we were accosted by a venerable man, who hav-

ing with a smile of pity disclosed to us our mistake, requested us to follow him, while he led us to the farthest summit of the hill; where he desired us to observe a range of lofty mountains, which appeared like faint clouds in the distant horizon.

"Youths," said he, "believe me, it will be long ere you reach the nearest summit of that sublime range: perhaps the patience of some of you may be exhausted before you even approach their bases; but be assured, that if you should attain that elevation, you will, even from thence only be able to gain a distant glimpse of the temple, which is situated on one of a far loftier and more remote chain. Be not disconcerted, you are not the first novices who have mistaken this glittering and tawdry place for that sublime structure; some I have known who could never be persuaded of their error, but under the idea of having attained the end of their pilgrimage, have run in this low neighborhood all their days. I, myself," continued he, "have been a pilgrim from my childhood, but have never been able to reach the desired goal. I have now retraced my steps for a considerable distance, and am waiting here the arrival of some zealous pilgrims from the valleys, whom I have undertaken to conduct by the nearest route, as far towards the temple as I am myself acquainted with the road."

Some of our number, ingenuously acknowledg-

ing our error, thanked the sage for his information; while others treated him as a conceited impostor. At this place a great variety of roads meet; and here it is usual for parties to disband, each individual taking that path which best suits his taste or convenience. I accordingly took an affectionate leave of my companions, with the lively hope mutually expressed, of meeting them all at length within the boundaries of the temple of knowledge.

The path I now chose was remarkably steep and difficult of ascent; yet it seemed to me the most inviting. I travelled chiefly by night, keeping my eye in an upward direction, and guiding my course by the motions of the heavenly bodies. This favorite track, with occasional deviations into lanes and meads belonging to the same district, I have continued to pursue to the present moment. The range of magnificent mountains, mentioned by our early director, now begins to present itself to my longing view, in broad lights and bold outlines, and as I mentioned above, the temple itself, situated on the loftiest of them all, is visible in a favorable atmosphere. But I now often call to mind the words of that venerable guide, and begin to entertain serious apprehensions that there is some, at present, impassable boundary, which divides the immediate vicinity of the temple from these lower regions. And should I, upon a nearer approach, find this to be the

case, my intention is contentedly to take up my abode in some verdant valley at the base of the mountain watered by a pure stream from the sacred height, which may allay my burning thirst, and invigorate my wearied spirits; and I shall feel perfectly reconciled to this delay by two considerations; first, that my past travels and labors would be well rewarded, if they had answered no other end than that of rectifying the mistaken ideas formed by those who never proceed far on this pilgrimage, with regard to the extent of the journey, and the actual situation of the edifice; each one supposing it to be reared on some spot within the limits of his bounded horizon. And secondly, the full persuasion I entertain, that whenever I am summoned to ford the deep and dark stream which it is generally supposed surrounds the base of the mountains, I shall obtain easy and direct access to the most sacred recesses of the temple.

XXX.

A LIBERAL TASTE.

Mr. W———, a gentleman of affluent fortune, who resided in the neighborhood of a populous city, took a benevolent pleasure in encouraging young persons of merit and genius, by his attentions and assistance. He kept a hospitable table in the true sense of the word: that is, one that was oftener surrounded by deserving individuals rising from obscurity, or struggling with difficulties, than by persons of his own rank and consequence, from whom he might receive the same again. In addition to the generous motives which chiefly influenced him in so doing, he was glad of the opportunity of introducing his children to the society of persons from whom he rightly judged they would be more likely to learn something useful, and to be stimulated to exertion, than by the desultory discourse which commonly prevails in more polite parties.

One day, a small company, consisting chiefly of young men of the above description, was assembled at Mr. W——'s house. One of these had lately returned from a tour on the Continent, whither he had accompanied a young nobleman in the capacity of tutor. In the course of the excursion, he had made a collection of fossils and

minerals, which he promised to exhibit this evening for the entertainment of Mr. W——'s children. The young man, who was devoted to his favorite study, expatiated on the various names, families, and properties of his specimens with a genuine enthusiasm, which prevented his perceiving that all the spectators were not equally interested. There was a pale youth, looking on from motives of complaisance, who evinced, sometimes by suppressed yawns, and sometimes by a half concealed smile, his entire distaste for, if not contempt of, the exhibition. This was a young poet.

"Is it possible," thought he to himself, "that a man of education should have gazed on Alpine scenery—have trod the classic ground of Italy and Greece—visited the very abodes of the muses, and wandered amid the magnificent ruins of antiquity—amid all that is immortalized by history and consecrated by poetry, to no other purpose than that of collecting a few shining pebbles, and pieces of crumbling chalk!"

These reflections were interrupted by the inquiries of another of the party, a rising artist, who when the geologist was showing a particular species of marble, found near the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome, inquired whether he had visited the Vatican; and whether he was not infinitely gratified by the rare specimens of ancient and modern art, by which he was surrounded. The

geologist replied, that he certainly was highly gratified, but added, that having for his own part little acquaintance with the arts, he could not, of course, derive that degree of gratification from what he saw, which others might have done; as well as that his time was so much occupied by that, which he confessed was his favorite pursuit, that he was unable to pay the attention to those things, which he was conscious they merited.

Here the poet and the artist exchanged a look; and when the exhibition was over, they entered into discussion on the comparative merits of painting and poetry; each warmly maintaining the superiority of his favorite study. The geologist took no share in the argument; but he looked chagrined that the conversation was so soon diverted from the subject most interesting to himself. One of the company, a gentleman who had been lately making some curious and successful experiments in chemistry, availed himself of a momentary pause in the discussion, to suggest the superior claims of scientific studies, compared with literature and the fine arts; observing, that science must ever take the precedence, in point of utility, of those pursuits whose object is merely to address the imagination; and that a single discovery in natural philosophy must conduce more to the real benefit of mankind, than all the admired productions of wit and genius.

Upon this, the poet and the artist, forgetting their late disagreement, united their forces against the man of experiment; who, whatever might be the justness of his argument, was soon defeated by the eloquence of the poet, and the enthusiasm of the artist; each expatiating with more warmth than good breeding, on the very inferior kind and degree of genius (if genius it might be called) exercised in the patient researches of the naturalist, than is displayed by one masterly touch of the pencil or the pen.

Mr. W——, who was repeatedly appealed to on both sides, withheld any decided opinion, only occasionally interfering when the laws of fairness and candor seemed to be infringed. At a rather late hour the party broke up, each one, according to the common result of controversy, confirmed in his opinion, and strengthened in his prejudices.

The next morning, when Mr. W—— was surrounded by his children, the subject of the preceding evening was thus renewed by Edward.

"Papa, why did you not say, last night, who you thought in the right about poetry and philosophy?

Father. I wished rather to hear my young friends discuss the subject without restraint.

Charles. Well then, tell us now what you really think, for we have been arguing about it

this morning, and we are each of a different opinion.

FATHER. Then, without inquiring what your opinions are, I can pronounce them to be all wrong ones.

CHARLES. How so, papa?

FATHER. Suppose a company of artisans engaged in building a house, were to enter *into* a similar dispute respecting the comparative importance of their trades: carpenter and mason, versus painter, glazier, and paper hanger: what would you say to such a discussion?

EDWARD. I should think it a very ridiculous one, because all those trades are equally necessary in building a house, and making it comfortable.

FATHER. Very true; and yet it was not foolish but wise, in those different individuals to choose each for himself a particular craft, best suited to his inclination and circumstances. And you must observe, that the perfection to which the arts of life are brought in civilized countries, is owing to this very circumstance, the division of labor, or one man devoting all his time and ingenuity to one particular branch.

EDWARD. Then, why would it be ridiculous for them to maintain the superiority of their own trades?

FATHER. Because it would show narrowness of

mind, not to allow that other employments might be equally useful, necessary, and respectable with that particular one of which each had made choice. Now this want of liberality is much more inexcusable in men of education, because it is the very end and grand use of education, to enlarge and liberalize the views. And it is in fact found, that just in proportion to the extent and universality of a man's knowledge, is the candor and generosity of his mind, in estimating the attainments, and inspecting the pursuits of others. It is also one of the characteristics of true genius, to admire whatever is admirable, although in a sphere quite distinct from that of its own individual operations; it is interested in the achievements, and it sympathizes in the success of every species of human ingenuity. Our friends who were with us last evening, were most of them *young;* this must plead their excuse for the *bigotry* of their sentiments. Some of them also, though ingenious in their own departments, are but partially informed; having labored under disadvantages in their early education: as they grow older, and acquire more knowledge, their taste will become less confined. To devote our chief attention to one particular pursuit, best suited to our talents and opportunities, is the only way to success; but then, whatever this pursuit may be, if we would aspire to the character of the philosopher, and of the gentleman, we must

at the same time, furnish our minds with that general knowledge, which will lead us to allow their full value and importance to the studies of other men.

Edward. But papa, after all, must there not be a real difference in the importance of the arts and sciences? would not a country be much worse off, for instance, if there were no philosophers, than if there were no poets in it?

Charles. And yet I have heard papa say, that the very first step towards civilisation in most countries, has been the cultivation of poetry and music.

Father. There are, beyond a doubt, some arts and some descriptions of knowledge more essential than others to the welfare of a country; and yet this depends much more on the combination of all, than on the cultivation even of the most important: all therefore are deserving in this view, of equal respect. And while we may admit, that the taste of some men is of a nobler order than that of others, we must rejoice that all are not gifted with the most elevated, for in that case, I believe we should all starve upon star-gazing. But let us not after all, forget to remark, the vast difference between even an exclusive and narrow devotedness to any one pursuit, and that want of real interest in any, which is far more prevalent in society. Believe me, my dear boys, that a man who is engaged in any of the

most humble and insignificant researches of art or science, however low his station may be, is far more respectable, and unspeakably happier, than they who live only to eat, and drink, and dress, to take their pleasure, or to display their affluence. Among these persons indeed, we frequently meet with those who profess a general acquaintance with science; who have its nomenclature by rote, and who are far more ready and voluble in using the cant terms of art, than those who are really devoted to it. Yes, there is a thing more despicable than even voluntary ignorance; I mean the affectation of taste and knowledge—a pretension to admire and to understand the works of genius, without a spark of genuine feeling or of true taste. The utmost extravagance of enthusiasm in a favorite pursuit, is beyond comparison preferable to this.

Edward. Describe true taste to us, papa, in a few words.

Father. That would require some thought. However, we might generally say of it, that while it will stoop to inspect and to admire the most minute and laborious operations of ingenuity, and while it feels an interest and sympathy in every branch of knowledge, it returns with a natural bias towards that which is most comprehensive in science, most intellectual in art, and most sublime in nature.

XXXI.

THE LOVER OF EASE.

In a dirty, ruinous looking house, that stood in one of the back streets of a smoky town, there lived an elderly man of the name of Smith. Very few people knew, and fewer cared any thing about him; yet it was impossible to pass his abode without noticing the broken window panes, mended with paper, or stuffed with rags: the wretched court-yard, overgrown with nettles, and bestrewed with fragments of earthenware; the appearance of the whole bespeaking the sloth and misery of the owner. Smith himself was not often visible, but occasionally he might be seen on a sunshiny morning, leaning with his arms folded over the pales of his yard, basking in the heat, like his old tabby cat. And sometimes on a dark evening, his long, lean, shabby figure might be discerned hovering over a handful of fire in his rusty grate. It is true, that there are in every town individuals equally wretched and comfortless; and it is also true, that in most, if not in every instance of the kind, there is more of fault than of misfortune. But, in the case of Smith, it is worthy of record, that he was a man remarkable for his relish for the good and agreeable things of life. Though he was wretched,

he had certainly no taste for wretchedness; though he was destitute of pleasure, pleasure was the thing he most desired. From his early childhood, his love of gratification was so great, that whenever an opportunity offered he never failed to avail himself of it, whether to do so were right or wrong, in season or out of season, he would deny himself no enjoyment *then;* by which means he is denied every enjoyment *now.* So improvident are the indulgent, even in scorning the very things that are most valued by them!

Smith was apprenticed to an honest trade, and he wanted not ability to become more than ordinarily expert in it. But whenever his master's back was turned, he thought it more agreeable to gossip over the fire with his fellow apprentices, to crack a pocket full of nuts, to play a game of whist, to read a dirty novel, or even to sit resting his head on his hands, over the bench, than to go on with his work. Thus, at the end of seven years, he left his master with an imperfect knowledge of his business, an indifferent character, and, worse than all, desultory and idle habits.

Now, if he had but so far denied himself while he was an apprentice, as to have applied diligently to his business, he might have earned money enough as a journeyman to procure him all those comforts and enjoyments of which he was so fond. But instead of this, he was obliged to get work at low wages, when and where he could; so that

he was poor, though he hated poverty, and he that was so fond of dainty fare had many a scanty meal.

Smith was fond of company, and had amongst his other partialities, a strong love of praise. He would not deny himself, when any opportunity offered, the pitiful pleasure of fishing for a compliment, and of saying those little things to his own advantage, which always proved in fact to be to his own disadvantage. Thus, amongst the most severe denials to which his want of self-denial exposed him, were the perpetual mortifications which vanity is sure to encounter. Instead of being admired, Smith was ridiculed and pitied by his most discerning acquaintance; and as he was poor, they took no pains to conceal their contempt.

Having, as before hinted, read a great many worthless novels during his apprenticeship, his indolent mind was often occupied in the injurious habit of *castle building*. There was no handsome and gallant chevalier in old romance, no elegant and accomplished hero of modern tale, with whom this meagre, thread bare, and dirty journeyman, would not at times identify himself; "Who knows," he would often think, "but I may one day happen of good luck: some do, and why should not I?" Those persons have always the highest expectations from luck who are least disposed to make use of their cunning. The

ıy hours in every week that poor Smith sat ıming over his hopes and his wishes for pros- .ty, would have done a great deal well em- ʼed, to help him out of adversity. But it was :h easier, he thought, to sit still and wish for .lth and honor, than to work hard for compe- :e and credit. At any rate, he would not, or, he thought, he could not deny himself this rofitable amusement. Besides, he knew very l that the utmost diligence in his business ld do no more than enable him to live with lit and comfort in his present rank of life; that did not at all meet the ideas of one who so familiar with great names, and high life, ıre all readers of fiction; so he preferred to t for the incalculably small chances of fortune, ıer than to accept the certain rewards of ıstry. He thought the outside of a palace er than the inside of a cottage.

Every one who loves pleasure, knows how spensable health is to the enjoyment of it; those who most value their ease, are gene- y the least careful in preserving it. Little s of indulgence commonly introduce strong ›its of intemperance. Thus Smith quickly lost › of the great advantages of honest poverty, ılth. Surely it must have been a great denial one who was so fond of pleasure, to be ʼays in pain! He had better have denied ıself.

It would not have been an easy thing to have persuaded Smith in his youth, to commence a life of austerity, and submit to the rigors of a monastic rule. Yet, it may well be questioned whether the hardships, denials, and mortifications to which his want of self-denial exposed him, were not less tolerable than those he would in that case have endured. For is not abstinence to be preferred to hunger? penance to pain? retirement to obscurity? concealment to contempt? Is there then, much to choose between the wretched Smith in his ruinous tenement, and a monk in the cloisters of La Trappe?

But how many people live in comfort and credit, who are yet little practised in the art of self-denial. If indulgence *always* reduced one to wretchedness and contempt, there would be nothing to be said for it. Nor is there any thing to be said for it, although the degrees of outward misery to which it subjects individuals are various. It is truly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that "in proportion as we consult our ease, we part from happiness;" yes, in *exact* proportion. It is not necessary to be dirty, ragged, hungry, solitary and despised, in order to be uncomfortable. A man, reclining on the softest couch, in the most splendid apartments in the kingdom, surrounded with obsequious attendants, and pampered with every delicacy, may be pretty nearly as devoid of comfort as poor Smith in his

miserable house. Few persons are more uneasy than they who are *quite at ease*.

If then, the indulgent and pleasure loving had but a little more forethought and consideration, they would become self-denying, out of mere selfishness; from a conviction that round about is the nearest way to happiness.

How happy are they who, from better motives than their own immediate gratification, have learned to take up daily, the light cross; to bring every thought, word, and action, into captivity and holy obedience; and who thus reap the large benefit of present comfort, and satisfaction, with the good hope of an eternal reward!

XXXII.

THE MOTH.

A MILD September evening—twilight already stealing over the landscape, shades yonder sloping cornfield, whence the merry reapers have this day borne away the last sheaf. A party of gleaners have since gathered up the precious fragments. Now all are gone; the harvest moon is up; a low mist rising from the river floats in the valley. There is a gentle stirring amongst the leaves of the tall elm that shades our roof—

all besides is still.—The gray and quiet scene invites reflection.

Wishing the reader to participate in our meditations, we were in the very act of committing to paper some sage considerations on the departure of another summer—but a very small and elegant moth, attracted by the candles, has this moment descended on the sheet, within an inch of our pen, and with the light stroke of his wing has broken our thread of thought—will the reader excuse it if it break his also?

The delicacy and perfection of its form, the exquisite lace-work of its airy wing, its swift and noiseless movements, a body nearly as ethereal and unincumbered as if it were a soul, its independence, its innocence, awaken admiration—and (contrasted with the inertness and languor with which our cumbrous frames are often oppressed) might excite envy too.

Who can guess what are its imaginings concerning the extensive plain on which it has just arrived? Is it a field of dazzling light, an enchanted region of pleasure and brightness? He flutters his wings as though his dreams of joy were at length realized. From the dun shades of the evening without, he has suddenly launched into a new world of magic splendor, illumined with radiant suns. How little does he think (of this at least we may be sure) that this shining plain is no other than a sheet of foolscap!

—that those glorious suns are inglorious candles!—such are the illusions of moths!

It would be very desirable, some young reader may think, if it were possible, to undeceive him; and supposing him capable of understanding it, to rectify all his mistakes, by addressing him in some such language as this:—"You are only a *moth;* and you have no idea what insignificant things moths are! you know nothing at all: you can't imagine what an astonishing number of things there are that you have not even heard of. *We* think nothing of you; *we* are really of importance; but you are of no importance, you are only an insect. You sometimes do us mischief by eating holes in our clothes, and very tiresome it is that such little creatures as you should be able to do *us* mischief: having this opportunity, I must desire you not to do so any more, for what you eat is not at all nice; it is cloth, not food; why should you eat *cloth*? I wish you would mention this to all your relations: and as to the place that you now are upon, it is nothing in the world but a sheet of paper that a person is writing on: but you don't know what writing means, I dare say; indeed it is no use talking to you, you are so extremely ignorant, moth."—With a few variations, how suitable would be such an address to some things that are *not* moths! And to beings a little higher than ourselves in the scale of reason, how similar to those of the moth must appear the

illusions of men? How many of the objects of our ardent pursuit are as destitute of intrinsic excellence, as empty of happiness as *we* know the glare of the light to be in which an insect so joyously flutters its wings! It does not, indeed, require the intellect of an angel to know *this*—experience teaches it, at last, even to dull scholars.—Children can laugh at the folly of an insect: youths soon learn to ridicule the toys and sports of children; men smile at the vanities of youth; wise men at the pleasures of weak men—and not seldom at their own; while angels look down with surprise and pity on all—smiling most at the mistakes of the man, and least at those of the moth!

Fortunately enough for our moral, the little hero of the piece has this moment expired in the flame of the candle, and that in spite of the most praiseworthy exertions on our part to deter him from the rash adventure. In vain we whisked our quill in every dissuasive attitude; (an employment, by the way, to which we are but too much accustomed) he was resolved—and could he have given utterance to his feelings, no doubt he would have expressed his certain persuasion that it must be a desirable and a delightful thing to sport in that elegant flame. Who can witness this common catastrophe without observing the analogy, and reading the oft-told moral? Even if it had not scorched a single feather, if he could have lived there, still, we could assure him, he could not *find*

happiness in a candle. He would have been a thousand times more comfortable, as well as more safe, hid in the dark folds of the curtain, or fixed within the protection of some broad shadow on the wall, or in any of the natural and customary haunts of his species. So is it with all unsanctioned pleasures; even if they were not dangerous they would be disappointing—but we know they are both the one and the other.

How quickly was that most complete and delicate machine destroyed! an engine which not the united sagacity and ingenuity of man could restore! No wonder that so fine and fragile a creature should be liable to swift destruction:—but let not the strong glory in their strength, for behold "*we* are crushed *before* the moth."

THE MOTH'S SONG.

Ah! what shall I do,
To express unto you
What I think, what I feel, what I know and pursue!

With my elegant face,
And my wing of lace,
How lightly the motes of the evening I chase!

Though I am but a moth
And feed upon cloth,
To me it is pleasant and nourishing both.

And this region of light,
So broad and so bright,
It makes my heart dance with a strange delight!

If dismal to you,
'T is the best of the two,
For O! it is pleasant, this wide-shining view!

There are lights afar,
More bright than a star,
You say they are candles—I 'll see if they are.

I go, and I fly,
And so good-by! —
Ah me! what is it?—I die! I die!

XXXIII.

THE WONDERFUL BIRD.

Signor Pasqualini, just arrived from the continent, announced to the inhabitants of a certain village his intention of amusing them, for one evening only, with a variety of entertaining exhibitions and performances, of unrivalled excellence and ingenuity; amongst these, the manœuvres of "The learned bird," and accomplished German bull-finch, were particularly specified, and largely described in his advertisement. What this bird *could* do, seemed not so much to be the question, as what it could *not* do: so rare were its professed

attainments. It could, for instance, go through the military exercise with a straw; bow to the company at the word of command; sing different tunes, when called for; articulate some words; draw a triangle with its beak; and spell certain names by pointing to the letters with its claw.

Amongst the spectators of this entertainment were two lads, upon whom it made a strangely different impression. One of them, having read the advertisement in the morning, had his imagination wrought upon all day by the glowing descriptions of Signor Pasqualini's hand-bill: it was not so much those attributes of the bird that were particularly specified, as the undefined intimations of its sagacity, over which his fancy hovered, and which inspired him with so much respect, that it is a question if he felt more veneration for the learning of the parish schoolmaster, than for that of this gifted biped. Full of these expectations, when evening was come, Edward paid his willing sixpence, and entered with trembling eagerness from behind the curtain of green baize that formed the entrance of the show. As the company thickened, and various preliminaries appeared to be going on behind the scenes, his impatience increased to a degree that was almost painful. At length Signor Pasqualini made his appearance and his bow, and after sundry performances, not necessary here to specify, a cage with golden wires was introduced, out of

which solemnly stepped the wonderful bird, and immediately hopped upon a perch that was raised for the purpose on the table. This bull-finch, as to its outward appearance, looked much more like other bull-finches than Edward expected. Indeed the hard discipline and solitary life to which its profession had subjected it, had rendered its plumage less glossy and brilliant, and its movements less natural and graceful than those of most of its species. Edward was a little disappointed at this; however, he concluded that its mental endowments would abundantly compensate for any external deficiencies. The first thing required of the hapless performer was to bow three times to the company. This Edward thought was not very gracefully done; indeed the poor little bird, though for some time accustomed to practice in private, had but newly been introduced at public exhibitions, and it appeared to be half frightened and half ashamed at performing before so large a company. Some of its tricks were diverting enough; but many mistakes and blunders were detected. When, for instance, it was required to point to the letters that spell King George, it stumbled upon the last word first, and thus produced only the inglorious name of *George King*. And when asked where it was that Lord Wellington gained his great victory, whether the bird replied *Waterloo*, or *water gruel*, could only be guessed by the question. Edward could not help

laughing at this; yet on the whole he felt no small degree of disappointment, so much so as to be weary of the performance some time before it was over.

Very different was the impression made by the exhibition on another spectator above alluded to. This lad had not happened even to see the advertisement; moreover he had never in all his life heard of such a thing as a learned bird: he only stepped in as he was passing, attracted by the lights, with no idea of what nature the amusement was to be. When therefore the little performer commenced its operations, this boy felt as much pleasure and entertainment as the thing was capable of affording; he laughed out several times, and protested it was "wonderful, really wonderful for such a little creature!" He observed indeed some failures and mistakes, but for these he made the most charitable allowances; because, as he said, "it was but a bird;" and because *he had expected nothing*.

Such were the opposite effects produced by the same spectacle on these differently circumstanced observers; and yet, perhaps, both would agree, when they came to think about it afterwards, that it was a prettier sight to see the sparrows and robins hopping about in their natural haunts, in gardens and orchards, and pleasanter to hear their simple notes, than to stare at the performances of the most accomplished finch that ever exhibited.

MORAL.

But stay;—methinks before we part,
A moral may be heard;—
A hint to many a sanguine heart
From this accomplished bird:
The truth imprest on every brow,
Where time has past his noiseless plough
Just thus from life, and what it yields,
Hope steals the zest away;
We never tread the Elysian fields,
Through which we thought to stray:
Of all the joys on which we seize,
The more we hope, the less they please.

Our pleasures rather seem to spring
From things too low that lie,
For fancy there to sweep her wing,
Or hope to glance an eye;
These humbler gifts, of all on earth,
Alone *surprise* us with their worth.

Reader, while eager hope arrays
In flowers the youthful year,
Think too what storms and rainy days
Will follow his career:
Expect these storms and clouds to lower—
'T will brighten every sunny hour.

XXXIV.

A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT.

A GENTLEMAN, just returned from a journey to London, was surrounded by his children, eager,

after the first salutations were over, to hear the news; and still more eager to see the contents of a small portmanteau, which were, one by one, carefully unfolded and displayed to view. After distributing amongst them a few small presents, the father took his seat again, saying, that he must confess he had brought from town, for his own use, something far more curious and valuable than any of the little gifts they had received. —It was, he said, too good to present to any of them; but he would, if they pleased, first give them a brief description of it, and then perhaps they might be allowed to inspect it.

The children were accordingly all attention, while the father thus proceeded. "This small instrument displays the most perfect ingenuity of construction, and exquisite nicety and beauty of workmanship: from its extreme delicacy, it is so liable to injury, that a sort of light curtain, adorned with a beautiful fringe, is always provided, and so placed as to fall in a moment on the approach of the slightest danger. Its external appearance is always more or less beautiful: yet in this respect there is a great diversity in the different sorts:—but the internal contrivance is the same in all of them, and is so extremely curious, and its powers so truly astonishing, that no one who considers it can suppress his surprise and admiration. By a slight and momentary movement, which is easily effected by the person it belongs to, you can ascertain with considerable accuracy the

size, color, shape, weight, and value of any article whatever. A person possessed of one is thus saved from the necessity of asking a thousand questions, and trying a variety of troublesome experiments, which would otherwise be necessary; and such a slow and laborious process would, after all, not succeed half so well as a single application of this admirable instrument."

GEORGE. If they are such very useful things, I wonder that every body, that can at all afford it, does not have one.

FATHER. They are not so uncommon as you may suppose; I myself happen to know several individuals who are possessed of one or two of them.

CHARLES. How large is it, father? could I hold it in my hand?

FATHER. You might: but I should be very sorry to trust mine with you!

GEORGE. You will be obliged to take very great care of it then?

FATHER. Indeed I must: I intend every night to enclose it within the small skreen I mentioned; and it must besides occasionally be washed in a certain colorless fluid kept for the purpose; but this is such a delicate operation, that persons, I find, are generally reluctant to perform it. But, notwithstanding the tenderness of this instrument, you will be surprised to hear that it may be darted to a great distance, without the least injury, and without any danger of losing it.

CHARLES. Indeed? and how high can you dart it?

FATHER. I should be afraid of telling you to what a distance it will reach, lest you should think I am jesting with you.

GEORGE. Higher than this house, I suppose?

FATHER. Much higher.

CHARLES. Then how do you get it again?

FATHER. It is easily cast down by a gentle movement, that does it no injury.

GEORGE. But who can do this?

FATHER. The person whose business it is to take care of it.

CHARLES. Well, I cannot understand you at all; but do tell us, father, what it is chiefly used for.

FATHER. Its uses are so various that I know not which to specify. It has been found very serviceable in deciphering old manuscripts; and, indeed, has its use in modern prints. It will assist us greatly in acquiring all kinds of knowledge; and without it some of the most sublime parts of creation would have been matters of mere conjecture. It must be confessed, however, that very much depends on a proper application of it; being possessed by many persons who appear to have no adequate sense of its value, but who employ it only for the most low and common purposes, without even thinking, apparently, of the noble uses for which it is designed, or of the exquisite gratifications it is capable of affording. It is, indeed, in order to excite in your minds some higher sense of its value than you might

otherwise have entertained you. But I am giving you this previous description.

George. Well then, tell us something more about it.

Father. It is of a very penetrating quality, and can often discover secrets which could be detected by no other means. It must be owned, however, that it is equally prone to reveal them.

Charles. What! can it speak then?

Father. It is sometimes said to do so, especially when it happens to meet with one of its own species.

George. What color are they?

Father. They vary considerably in this respect.

George. What color is yours?

Father. I believe of a darkish color, but, to confess the truth, I never saw it in my life.

Both. Never saw it in your life!

Father. No, nor do I wish; but I have seen a representation of it, which is so exact that my curiosity is quite satisfied.

George. But why don't you look at the thing itself?

Father. I should be in great danger of losing it if I did.

Charles. Then you could buy another.

Father. Nay, I believe I could not prevail upon any body to part with such a thing.

George. Then how did you get this one?

Father. I am so fortunate as to be possessed

of more than one: but how I got them I really cannot recollect.

CHARLES. Not recollect! why you said you brought them from London to night.

FATHER. So I did; I should be sorry if I had left them behind me.

CHARLES. Tell, father, do tell us the name of this curious instrument.

FATHER. It is called—an EYE.

XXXV.

THE TOAD'S JOURNAL.

IT is related by Mr. Belzoni in the interesting narrative of his late discoveries in Egypt, that having succeeded in clearing a passage to the entrance of an ancient temple, which had been for ages buried in the sand, the first object that presented itself, upon entering, was a toad of enormous size; and (if we may credit the assertions of some naturalists respecting the extraordinary longevity of these creatures, when in a state of solitary confinement) we may believe that it was well stricken in years.

Whether the subjoined document was entrusted to our traveller by the venerable reptile as a present to the British Museum, or with the more mercantile view of getting it printed in London,

in preference to Alexandria, on condition of receiving one per cent on the profits, after the sale of the 500th edition, (provided the publisher should by that time be at all remunerated for his risk and trouble,) we pretend not to say. Quite as much as can be vouched for is, the MSS. being faithfully rendered from the original hieroglyphic character.

(*The dates are omitted.*)

—"Crawled forth from some rubbish, and wink'd with
one eye;
Half opened the other, but could not tell why:
Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,
Then drew all together and slept for a year.
Awakened, felt chilly—crept under a stone;
Was vastly contented with living alone.
One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,
Could not get it away—had the cramp in my leg:
Began half to wish for a neighbor at hand
To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand;
Pull'd harder—then dozed, as I found 't was no use;—
Awoke the next summer, and lo! it was loose.
Crawled forth from the stone, when completely awake
Crept into a corner, and grinned at a snake.
Retreated, and found that I needed repose;
Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze:
Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,
And did not awake for a century or more;
But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe:—
Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve;
And I in some garden deliciously fed,
In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry bed.

'here fine speckled creatures claimed kindred with me,
nd others that hopped, most enchanting to see.
[ere long I regaled with emotion extreme;—
woke—disconcerted to find it a dream;
rew pensive;—discovered that life is a load;
egan to be weary of being a toad:
Vas fretful at first, and then shed a few tears."—
[ere ends the account of the first thousand years.

MORAL.

To find a moral where there 's none
Is hard indeed, yet must be done:
Since only morals sound and sage
May grace this consecrated page:
Then give us leave to search a minute,
Perhaps for one that is not in it.
How strange a waste of life appears
This wondrous reptile's length of years!
Age after age afforded him
To wink an eye, or move a limb,
To doze and dream;—and then to think
Of noting this with pen and ink;
Or hieroglyphic shapes to draw,
More likely, with his hideous claw;
Sure length of days might be bestowed
On something better than a toad!
Had his existence been eternal
What better could have filled his journal?
True, we reply; our ancient friend
Seems to have lived to little end;
This must be granted;—nay the elf
Seems to suspect as much himself.
Refuse not then to find a teacher

In this extraordinary creature:
And learn at least, whoe'er you be,
To moralize as well as he.
It seems that life is all a void,
On selfish thoughts alone employed;
That length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood;
While if good deeds one year engage,
That may be longer than an age;
But if a year in trifles go,
Perhaps you 'd spend a thousand so.
Time cannot stay to make us wise,
We must improve it as it flies;
The work is ours, and they shall rue it
Who think that time will stop to do it.
And then, again, he lets us know
That length of days is length of wo.
His long experience taught him this,
That life affords no solid bliss:
Or if of bliss on earth you scheme,
Soon you shall find it but a dream;
The visions fade, the slumbers break,
And then you suffer wide awake.
What is it but a vale of tears,
Though we should live a thousand years?

XXXVI.

ON VISITING COWPER'S GARDEN AND SUMMER H AT OLNEY.

Are these the trees?—Is this the place?
These roses, did they bloom for him?

Trod he these walks with thoughtful pace?
Passed he amid these borders trim?

Is this the bower?—a humble shed
Methinks it seems for such a guest!
Why rise not columns, dome bespread,
By art's elaborate fingers drest?

Art waits on wealth, there let her roam—
Her fabrics rear, her temples gild:
But Genius, when he seeks a home,
Must send for Nature's self to build.

This quiet garden's humble bound,
This homely roof, this rustic fane,
With playful tendrils twining round,
And woodbines peeping at the pane:—

That tranquil tender sky of blue,
Where clouds of golden radiance skim,
Those ranging trees of varied hue—
These were the sights that solaced him.

We stept within:—at once on each
A feeling steals, so undefined:
In vain we seek to give it speech—
'T is silent homage paid to Mind.

They tell us here he thought and wrote,
On this low seat—reclining thus;
Ye garden breezes, as ye float,
Why bear ye no such thoughts to us!

Perhaps the balmy air was fraught
With breath of heaven;—or did he toil
In precious mines of sparkling thought
Concealed beneath the curious soil?

Did zephyrs bear on golden wings
Rich treasures from the honeyed dew?
Or are there here celestial springs
Of living waters, whence he drew?

And here he suffered!—this recess
Where even Nature failed to cheer,
Has witnessed oft his deep distress,
And precious drops have fallen here!

Here are no richly sculptured urns
The consecrated dust to cover;
But Nature smiles and weeps, by turns,
In memory of her fondest lover.

XXXVII.

THE TROUBLESOME FRIEND.

To the Editor of the Youth's Magazine.

Sir,

In the hope that some of your correspondents may offer a few remarks on the subject on which I am about to address you, I have been induced to lay before you certain grievances under which I have long privately groaned: and as it is possible that others besides myself may have similar things to complain of, you may, by the insertion of my letter, be rendering a public service while conferring a private obligation.

You must know that the house adjoining my

father's is occupied by a family with whom we are on terms of intimacy. The eldest daughter especially, being a girl of my own age, I have always considered as a particular friend; and notwithstanding the complaints I am about to lay before you, I really feel a sincere regard for her; although I will not deny that the warm affection which I at first entertained is greatly damped by the continual vexations to which her conduct exposes me. In short, sir, she is one of those good sort of people whose misfortune it is to be *very* soon affronted.

Now it is needless to state how many occasions will perpetually occur, between such near neighbors, of taking offence where there is a disposition to do so; — and that, notwithstanding the most sincere and diligent efforts on one part to avoid them. Being myself one of a large family, my time is very much occupied by domestic affairs; besides by attention to those pursuits which are necessary to the completion of my education. Now it unfortunately happens that our neighbor, although in circumstances apparantly similar to my own, has, or makes a much larger portion of leisure than I can command; and hence arises one of the principal sources of uneasiness between us. She is so much *hurt*, as her phrase is, that I am not ready and willing at all times of the day *to step in*, or to have a gossip over the garden wall. Now, although no one can enjoy the pleasures of society more than I do at

proper seasons, yet I must say it is no enjoyment to me to have the regular and agreeable routine of my daily avocations liable to perpetual interruption. It is however on this account that my troublesome friend is perpetually reproaching me with being—"a bad neighbor"—"unsociable"—"proud;" and with being indifferent to her society.

I do assure you that I cannot pace up and down our garden walk with a book in my hand, but at the hazard of giving offence; for if she should happen to be within sight, and if I should not happen to raise my head to nod to her, and say Good morning, it will take her a week to pardon the neglect. Then, it would surprise you to hear the plausible manner she has of representing her grievances; so that when her complaints have been repeated to me by some *mutual friend*, I have really began to fancy myself quite in the wrong; and yet upon the coolest reflection I cannot accuse myself of misconduct in this matter.

My friend is wont, with a very resigned, pathetic, and reasonable sort of look and manner, to make such complaints as the following.—"I do feel a little hurt, I must confess;—so much attention as I have shown to her, and so much regard as, I can truly say, I feel for her. Why, I have known her pass our parlor window twenty times in a day, when she knows I have been sitting there, without once giving herself the trouble to turn her head to nod to me;—is not this a little strange, so intimate as we are?"

"Certainly, it is," says our mutual friend.

"Well, and then she makes an excuse of being) vastly busy: for my part I 've no notion of ;ing too busy to speak to a friend, have you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, one can never step in there but one ;ems to be interrupting them: and it is quite a vor to get her to bring her work, and sit an)ur with one in the morning: in short, I have)ne asking her. I don't deny that she is wil- ıg to come in and do one a kindness, when it is ;eded; but I like a friend to be a friend at all nes; and in my opinion there 's nothing so ıarming as a sociable disposition; for my own ırt this is so much *my* temper, that, as I often ıy, I feel these slights the more: and certainly times I cannot help feeling a little hurt."

In this style, as I have been repeatedly inform- l, she makes out a case against me. But as I ever take any other notice of such charges than y doing all in my power to show her real friend- ıip, we might go on tolerably, if it were not that)metimes owing to some unforeseen occurrence, r mistake, which it is impossible always to uard against, my friend takes more serious ffence:—so much so, at times, that during many 'eeks she has refused to speak to me. I should e ashamed to call the attention of your readers) the detail of affairs so trifling, if it were not)r the sake of illustrating my meaning; with this iew I will mention an instance or two of the kind.

The last time that she appeared so much offended, it was in consequence of my having omitted to send her a formal invitation to spend the evening with me. Wishing to see several of my young friends, I had previously consulted with her about the day, and, having fully agreed together when it should be, I sat down to write the notes to my other friends, without its even occurring to me that she would expect any further notice. However, to my great surprise, she did not join our party; and when I sent in to inquire the reason, she returned me only a cold and formal excuse. It was in vain that I endeavored to recollect any thing I had done or left undone that could have vexed her; and it was not till weeks afterwards that she condescended to explain the cause of her displeasure. Now really, if I had thought of writing her a note of invitation, I should have been in equal danger of giving offence: for then, it is probable she would have accused me of being too ceremonious with her.

I should be more ready to suspect that the blame was on my part, if it were not that others of her acquaintance make the same complaints. We are both of us teachers in our Sunday School; and there is no situation, as you may be aware, in which a quarrelsome or peevish disposition is more likely to show itself. You will not be surprised, therefore, when I say that my poor neighbor is continually taking umbrage with some of her fellow teachers: when any fresh

arrangement takes place in the classes, she seldom fails to complain that all the most stupid children are selected for her. Her attendance at the school is not the most regular; yet no one can offer her the kindest remonstrance on this subject, or suggest the smallest improvement in her method of teaching, without the certainty of her being highly offended. If any new plans are projected without consulting her, that is sure to be considered as a personal affront; and if, on the other hand, she is consulted, we are equally sure of her objecting to what is proposed. She is always complaining that she has so little to do with the management of the school; and indeed she is so constantly dissatisfied, that her services are much less acceptable than they would otherwise be; for there is, you know, trouble and difficulty and fatigue enough in a Sunday School, without having our embarrassments increased by disagreements among the teachers.

Having been so long used to the peculiarity of my friend's temper, I was really scarcely aware of the degree of bondage and restraint which it imposed upon me, until lately when she was absent from home on a visit of some months. I cannot adequately describe to you how much I felt at liberty as soon as she was gone. I could now walk in the garden without looking fifty ways to see if she was within sight. I could go out or come in, read or write, or take a walk with any other friend,

and all with a degree of freedom and comfort unknown heretofore. And the glow of sincere pleasure with which I should otherwise have welcomed her return, was (I do not deny it) damped exceedingly by the recollection of the trouble it would inevitably bring upon me.

Now surely that must be a serious fault in a person's character, which, in spite of many good qualities, renders her company burdensome, and her absence a deliverance: and if any thing could be suggested that might successfully represent the weakness and unreasonableness of such a disposition, it would at once do a real service to all such troublesome friends, and inspire with the warmest gratitude all their troubled acquaintance.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

PENELOPE.

XXXVIII.

A LETTER TO WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN.

Dear Reader.

HAPPENING to glance my eye upon the title of a paper in the last number of the Youth's Magazine, I was induced to put on my spectacles, and give it a reading: and although many of those who contribute to its pages are doubtless better prepared, in most respects, than myself, to reply to it, yet on one account I feel peculiarly qualified

to accept the challenge there given:—it is that I myself, for a considerable portion of my life, was one of the society of *troublesome friends.*

I can assign more reasons than one for my having long withdrawn from that society; but must frankly acknowledge that the primary cause was my having few friends left to be troublesome to. This circumstance at once afforded me leisure for reflection and roused me to it: for observing that my society was shunned, first by one, and then by another of my associates, I began to employ many solitary hours in endeavoring to discover the cause; and after various unsuccessful attempts to trace it to the misconduct of others, I was at last compelled to suspect that, after all, the fault might be in myself.

Without troubling you with the long course of experiment and observation by which I was led to this unpleasant conclusion, I shall content myself with stating it to be my settled conviction that, an excessive sensibility to injury—a readiness to take offence on small occasions—a disposition to jealousy, proceed from nothing so much as a tendency to overrate our own worth and consequence. Hence it is that we entertain unreasonable expectations of the attentions due to us from others; and the inevitable disappointment which ensues, mortifies our vanity and self-love, and produces that fretful, complaining, or resentful temper which gives so much trouble to our neighbors, and tenfold more uneasiness to ourselves.

Persons whose misfortune it is to magnify their own consequence, instead of making a liberal allowance for similar infirmities in their neighbors, expect that every body should regard them in the same disproportionate view: and are first astonished, and then hurt, when they discover how far this is from being the case. She who is always thinking of herself, imagines that others must be always thinking of her; at least she thinks it ought to be so; though of all persons, such a one is the least likely to excite a lively interest in those around her.

Another cause of the disposition in question I discovered to be, in my own case, the want of a sufficient interest in the useful employments of life; which left me at leisure to indulge that idle and gossiping turn of mind from whence mischief of one sort or another is sure to arise. When, as a resource, from the painfulness of my reflections, I began to engage more heartily in my pursuits, it was astonishing how much less inclination I felt to watch the motions and arraign the conduct of my neighbors. Being fully occupied myself, I often quite forgot to notice whether they paid me proper attentions or not; and a thousand little things passed unnoticed, at which I should most certainly have taken offence, had I been on the look out for it. I also acquired by this means, a little more charity in judging of the conduct of my neighbors; for it could not but occur to my mind that whereas, while I was busily engaged in my own occupations I had little

leisure to think of *them;* so they, for a reason equally good, might sometimes lose a lively recollection *even of me.* That very common admonition—to *mind one's own business,* is really an excellent one; for while an energetic attention to one's own affairs effectually checks an impertinent and mischievous curiosity about the conduct of other people, it by no means prevents a benevolent concern for their welfare, or activity in their service, when they may happen to require it. Thus I found that while I became less and less inclined to break off an interesting employment in order to watch whether one neighbor went by without calling, or whether another paid me some expected attention, I was yet much more willing than heretofore to give up some portion of my time to them when I could do them any good by that means.

There was another consideration which had great efficacy in curing me, if I am cured, of my troublesome propensities; and that was the utter *unavailingness* of my resentments. When I was affronted, and determined to show it, I soon discovered that nobody cared much whether I was pleased or angry. People in general seemed perfectly contented to wait till my anger was over. A few more good tempered ones, who endeavored to explain and to conciliate, I could see smiled secretly at my infirmity; while the more ill-natured laughed at it without disguise. So

that I found I was always the chief sufferer, and the chief loser, by my ill humor. When, from motives of pique, I absented myself from any company, the circumstance, as I have had opportunities enough of discovering, excited no regret; but very often the reverse: so that I began to be thoroughly tired of indulging resentments which punished no one but myself.

As it is common to pass from one extreme to another, so I am suspected by some of having now become too insensible to this sort of injury. Whether that be the case I will not determine; but this I know, that if I err on this side, it is the most peaceful and comfortable fault I ever fell into. In fact it is so difficult a thing to offend me now, that those—if there are any such—who would wish to do so, must I am sure give up the attempt in despair. I am far from being ignorant that I occasionally experience, like other people, little slights and neglects from the carelessness, selfishness, or ill-nature of my neighbors; but as this rarely happens from those whom I love and esteem, I must confess that it gives the *smallest* possible disturbance to my tranquillity. If any one treats me with rudeness or neglect, I perceive that that person knows not how to behave; and I feel the same sort of compassion and indulgence towards the party that one does on remarking any other species of awkwardness in ill-bred people.

As to my happiness, that is so greatly independent of others—so much regulated by my own

conduct and internal tranquillity—that it cannot be moved by such things. It is, indeed, since I have learned the happy art of looking within for entertainment and satisfaction, and depended on my own resources, that I have become so much less troublesome to others than formerly. And it is well for me that this change has taken place; for as I am now growing old, and have nothing to recommend me to the notice of any one, being neither rich, nor witty, nor entertaining; think, I beseech you, what an unhappy and forlorn crea ture I should be if my happiness still depended upon the flattering attentions of my neighbors: I assure you if that were the case, I should have little enough! And while I am upon this subject I will take the liberty to say, that it does appear to me that much of the dissatisfaction, fretfulness, and uneasiness, visible in persons in the decline of life, especially in those who are solitary, is owing to their not having independence of mind enough to make them indifferent to the neglect which is too often the lot of age. The most obscure and despised individual who thus rises above her circumstances, and finds content within, is far more respectable, and enjoys a much more permanent and sterling species of happiness, than the most admired coquette, or the most richly bedizened dowager, who depends, for the maintenance of her happiness, like the meanest mendicants, on the crumbs of admiration and respect that are thrown to her by the surrounding crowd.

But I perceive that, like other old folks, I have wandered from my subject, and, forgetting that I am writing for the young, have been lecturing the old. However I am well persuaded that the same dispositions that are necessary to respectability and happiness at one period of life, are equally so at another; and she or he who would have a cheerful, peaceful, and respectable old age, must learn in youth to build happiness on a true foundation. To return to the subject on which I set out, I will just say, that while I am so remarkably backward in taking offence, I hope I am equally reluctant to give it; and should be sincerely sorry if any remarks I have at present made should have such an effect on any of my readers. If however I may have unintentionally *hurt* any one, I humbly hope that they will prove that my advice has not been quite lost upon them, by a generous act of forgiveness towards the unknown offender; and that in future, as often as occasion may require, the same indulgence may be extended towards others; for truly when one comes impartially to consider the degrees of uneasiness that the temper of which we have been speaking occasions, I doubt if one should find a very great deal to choose between a troublesome friend, and a troublesome enemy.

I am, my dear reader,
your humble servant,
DOROTHY.

XXXIX.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

My Dear ——

. . . . . THAT dissatisfaction with the daily routine of life—life without an object, of which you complain is, I believe, most keenly felt by persons of energetic minds. . . . . For those who have no external objects of interest, there remain only two resources:—Some interesting intellectual pursuit — and that degree of spirituality of mind which makes religion our happiness, as well as our safety. The former cannot always be obtained; for unless an employment has some *sufficient object*, the mind soon becomes disgusted;—it inquires—What am I taking all this trouble for? But the latter is always attainable; and the great objects of another life are, we feel, alone capable of filling and satisfying the cravings of our minds. When the mind is in a vigorous state with respect to these objects, it is not liable to suffer from lassitude, or to feel disgust under any circumstances. . . . . If any thing need be sought for to add to the happiness of a mind habitually holding communion with God, it is the pleasures of intellect—those, I mean, of that higher order which naturally blend and harmonize with devotional feelings, and the hopes of futurity. There are many pursuits, many attainments, which I once thought

very desirable, that I now perceive to be, in their nature, trifling. But the longer I live, the more I prize and wish to cultivate an intellectual taste. A romantic sentimental turn of mind, such as is common in youth, does but render one more susceptible to the disgusts of life; but this, elevates the mind above them, and is a support in the midst of them. It is also a great preservative against that littleness of soul—those meannesses, jealousies, and petty competitions to which the female mind is so prone. This intellectual taste is perhaps incompatible with the interests and detail of domestic life. But I have been supposing the case of those who are not thus occupied. . . . . .

To one who has a good hope through grace, and who does in so good a degree adorn the doctrine of her God and Saviour; it seems almost superfluous to wish or to recommend any thing more. Yet, as the activity of our minds will find some employment, some interest in this world, it is certainly desirable to give this activity the best direction possible; and indeed, I believe, that a mind well furnished with human knowledge, and a cultivated taste, possesses what are, or may be, useful auxiliaries in the Christian life; and where it is in our power to acquire them, without making a sacrifice of higher duties, I think we are well employed in so doing. I would not have presumed to say any thing on this subject, if you had not repeatedly requested it; and you know I

am fully aware of the causes which induced you to relinquish pursuits in which, it is no flattery to say, you were very likely to excel. But now I believe you are convinced that no real objections remain; and as you are shut out so much from social pleasures, and the enjoyments of friendship, I am persuaded your mind would be greatly invigorated, and would be less liable to prey upon itself, if it were more occupied upon general subjects. That enlargement of mind which is so desirable for enabling us to form correct ideas on all subjects, is only to be acquired by general reading. It would give me great pleasure, especially if I were better qualified, to recommend a course of study of this kind; but in such a situation as you are in at —— it is scarcely possible to procure the works of the best writers. Unless, therefore, you were within reach of a *good* library, it would be useless to dictate. This is an advantage which I have never fully possessed; but I have availed myself of what came in my way. Perhaps the time may come when you will be very differently circumstanced in this respect. In the meantime, would you think it irksome, or inconsistent with your present duties, to make some of those acquirements in which many of our sex have made great proficiency, and for which I think you have a decided talent! For instance: —the languages. In the acquisition of Hebrew and Greek there is a use and an object worthy the ambition of a Christian; and I have been as-

sured by good scholars that, to acquire so much of these languages as enables one to read the original Scriptures with intelligence, is no difficult matter. A critical knowledge of them is a very different thing. And this is not necessary, at least, to a female student. I have known ladies who could translate a chapter from the Hebrew Bible after studying the language a few months: and the satisfaction derived from the attainment is great.

I hope you will not think that I am assuming too much in giving this advice. I would not do it if I were not persuaded that some such pursuit would be highly advantageous to your mind; and would prove an alleviation to some of its sorrows. There is a great difference between a study of this kind, in which there is an important object, and which is always found greatly to strengthen and enlarge the mind—and mere accomplishments, which, though they may have their use, are of very inferior importance: and to which one could not conscientiously devote *much* time. It would be easy to procure the few books needful to prosecute any studies of the kind I have alluded to: and although a master would greatly facilitate your progress, yet this help is by no means necessary; many who have made the greatest proficiency have been self taught. . . . . .

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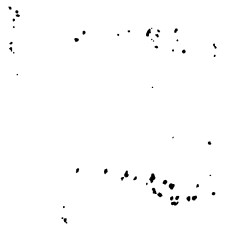

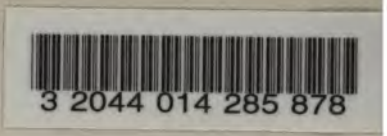
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